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THE UNITARIAN

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VOL. VII. MARCH, 1892. No. 3.

THE WAY WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH.

A SERMON BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER, NEW YORK.

"Believe in the light."—JOHN xii. 36.

I remember how I went once to a fine old city in my mother-land to see many things of a deep interest, and among them the choicest of all was a wonderful cathedral.

It was a dismal morning when I got there, full of mist and rain, through which I could see the church looming up gray with age, but very grand; and there was one window especially which touched me, as I saw it from no great distance, by its splendid outline and the exquisite delicacy of its carven work in stone. I could easily see also from where I stood that this window was filled with stained glass, but it was quite impossible to guess even at the artist's design from the outside, because the background within the church lay in a deep, dense shadow; nor was it meant to be seen in all its fair glory from that side by those who had done the work. It was as if you should look at the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, rude and ragged and all out of true. So there was no form nor comeliness in it as I stood there, and no beauty that one should desire it.

But then I went within the church, and in an instant was aware of a noble transformation. The soft, misty light came in, revealing the master's intention and clothing all the figures in a dim, gray glory. Still, I remember that even in this there was no great satisfaction. The mist veiled the perfection of beauty, the colors hidden in the glass needed a background of sunlight and a clear sky to come forth in their full splendor; and so I went away.

But about noon the mists rose and were swept away toward the German Ocean, while the sky opened into that tender blue you only seem to see in England in its perfection, like blue eyes dim with tears, through which the sun came out with a mild radiance; and then I went again to see the great window. On the street it was still the same sight, all blurred and blotted, so that the light which lay on it made the figures in the glass seem more uncouth than they were before; but, when I went in again, I saw a great wonder. It was transformed before: it was now transfigured. The whole light of heaven was there for a background, and was smiting the window through and through. There stood the apostles and saints in a great cloud of glory, and above and below them the angels, and all about them the arms and heraldries of men who had given great gifts when the church was built or who had done grand deeds for the nation. Nothing seemed wanting now the heart could desire. The wonderful dyes burned and flamed in the afternoon sun, and the whole purpose of the master came to me in this fair light of heaven.

And so, as I have thought of this window now and then, among my choicer memories, it has touched me like a bright and cheerful parable of this world of ours, and our life, and of the one true way to find their meaning, so that we shall not doubt or fear finally, whatever may be our fortune, or think of its order and harmony, as I might have thought of that cathedral window if I had still insisted on solving its mystery as I stood outside on the street. Moreover, I have wondered whether the dimness and dismay which trouble us all now and then may not come from our failure to find this true background of the clear heavens and the sun, through standing outside and looking in toward the shadows instead of standing inside and looking out toward the light; and, then, whether

we shall not find this truth as the large result of all our seeking,—that those who have found the finest fitness in this life and the fairest hope touching the life to come have always been the men and women who would still insist on finding this fair background for the problems we have to solve, and then on waiting and watching, at any cost, until at last the sun came out to make the whole purpose radiant to them, as my window was radiant in the clear afternoon.

Because, if I may glance first at our common human nature, I think this is what we are sure to find: that there is always a man looking in toward the shadows and another looking out toward the light; and that no single truth we can ponder is more certain than this of the diverse standpoint from which we shall try to make out the mystery of our own life or the lives of those about us. It may be in the nature of the man or in his wilfulness, an inborn quality or one which has grown on him through the years. One can draw no line here, propound no dogma and utter no condemnation, because this human nature of ours is too vast and variant for any private interpretation. And so all we can say so far is this: that one man does insist on setting the design between himself and the fair lights of heaven, while another peers in forever toward the great shadowy vault. And I notice Bunyan thinks there must be a clear purpose to enter where the light dwells, and so to see the truth and grace which will keep you in heart through your pilgrimage; and it may be a certain stern insistence, also ending in a fight. And so, "Put my name down," he makes the man "of a very stout countenance" say; and then the man puts on his helmet, cuts his way through the guards, presses on toward the House Beautiful, and catches the vision of the eternal day, while the grand old dreamer smiles, and says, "Verily, I know the meaning of this." But, then, he notices also how many give back and will not face the struggle, as if they felt it was not worth their while; and this is the truth, I take it, of the standpoint and the vision common to us all. We nourish this or that spirit and temper, and turn toward where the shadows dwell, or the light; and it is as when face answers to face in a glass.

And once more, when we leave this truth as it lies along the great lines of our common life, and notice its special power to help or hinder among those who are our ensample and inspiration, it is not hard to see what worth there is to them in finding this fair light of heaven. We can see how the grand presences which touch us most potently in the Bible are apt to be men of this spirit and temper, from Enoch who walked with God, and Abraham, the friend of God, to that John who stood on Patmos and saw the light which lights the sun strike through the heavy shadows and make all radiant at last down in the mines. It was trouble and dismay and halting to every one of these when they were looking in toward the shadows, but it was a joy which grew into great psalms when they stood at last, as they all do who are of most worth to us, looking out toward the light.

David despairs when he stands, as he does so often, with his back to the sun. Nature is haggard then to him, and life a huge turmoil of selfishness and sin. But he finds his way into some holy place for the soul, and then the harmony masters the harsh discords; and he sings of fire and hail, snow and vapor, summer softness and winter storm, all blending together in the great design, and of man so mean and yet made higher than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.

It is Paul's trouble also as he looks in toward the shadows. There is no help, then, for the sin-smitten race, so chapter after chapter bleeds with disheartenment, woe, and pain, and utter condemnation. But then he turns to where the light of God's eternal love shines through the blurred and ugly outlines, so dark and forbidding in the fog and mist; and, lo! the whole design stands forth to his heart in a golden glory as he sings, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor princedoms nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

I take it to be the very genius of the Gospels, also, that Jesus never stands outside, so far as we are concerned, for an instant. But from the day when he takes the lilies and holds them up to the sun, and watches the birds on the wing between himself and heaven,—from that day to the day when he weeps over the doomed city, but still whis-

pers to those about him, "When the worst comes to the worst, then look up," he is always looking toward the light. And so his word still keeps the world in heart, and helps us as no other word can help us to solve the sorest problems of life.

Indeed, you will notice that, when he would touch the one singular instance of this spirit which cannot be content to peer in and ponder, but must always have a background of heaven and the sun, he takes a little child and sets him in the midst, and says, The kingdom of heaven, *the* kingdom, is like that little child. See how the small creature is always looking eagerly toward where the light dwelleth, and so is able to find something of this kingdom in the poor and forlorn life which has fallen to his lot; never trying to spell out the secret from the wrong side; always finding the place where the light will strike through all he can be aware of in the design; familiar with heaven in his simple heart, and glad for it all as a lark in full song, catching the glory and hiding it away for the days when the mists will fall as he stands outside and the glory is only a memory. The little child he will have us see solves the problem of the standpoint for us all. "His angels do always behold the face of my Father"; while Schiller teaches the same truth when he says, "My whole life has only been the interpretation of the visions and oracles of my childhood"; and Wordsworth, when he sings,

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, who is our home."

Here is the truth we find in our Bible, then, the book which helps us as no other book can help us,—the word of God,—when we once find the key. The men in there who help and inspire us to the best purpose are those who cannot and will not be content to believe in the shadows, but will have God's presence and his divine providence—*himself*, in a word—for a background to the design; and for this they will struggle and strive if they must, and wait for the mists to rise and the heavens to grow clear, and then, in psalm and prophecy, in gospel and epistle, they say and sing these things we hold as the choicest treasure that ever came out of the human soul.

I notice how this is the truth, again, touching those who have done most nobly in helping to reveal the beauty and fitness of the world we live in, and the loftier meanings and outlooks of the life we have to live. It was Newton's turn, who weighed the mountains in the scales, and the hills in a balance. It was old Jacob Boehme's way, who saw heaven as he sat cobbling shoes, and put Newton, it is said, on the track of the infinite order and harmony, and said to John Wesley, by the mouth of William Law, as the great apostle of Methodism stood looking in toward the shadows: This is no way to solve your problems. You must get heaven's light for your background, and you will find your way out of that dismay. So Wesley heard him, and obeyed,—saw all the wonder of the great design possible to his day, and travelled 40,000 miles to tell what he had seen to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. It was their happy fortune; and it was the very soul of Agassiz, who saw heaven through a pebble. That devout and beautiful spirit who, whenever I met him, seemed to be standing with the whole sun in his face, went with the young men to the island the merchant prince, and more than prince, had given them for their summer studies, to spell out the meaning of the shells and rocks, the story of what God has been doing on this earth of ours through a time that smites one like an eternity. And, standing there for the first time, with these eager young souls about him, he said, Let us begin by looking up, each of us in his own spirit, to heaven; while to the end of his life nothing pleased him better than to tell how he had found no trace of the fairer flowers or the birds that make music until he came on the track of man. And so it was to him as if God had said: This child of mine shall look on no desolate and haggard world. I will deck it with beauty and touch it with harmony to meet and clasp the beauty and harmony I have hidden in his heart, and the oriole and the rose shall be to him for tokens of my love.

But Byron said, "I am a torment to myself and to all who come near me"; and it is not hard to see how this should be so apart from the vices that smote his life as with leprosy. Byron, with all his genius, as it seems to me, was forever looking in toward the

shadows. And De Quincey says, "I noticed the gloom in John Foster's eye travelling over all things with dismay." Well, this was Foster's trouble: that, with all his greatness as a thinker, and his purity and goodness and love for all things good and true, he was always peering in toward the shadows, — human depravity, decrees of doom, hell-fires, ruthless judgments of God, the woful over-weight of sin in the human scales, and other things in the Scriptures no man should dare to take for God's truth as they are commonly interpreted,—peering and pondering as Cowper did so often, and Robert Hall, sometimes dwelling on what Bacon calls the problems dedicated to despair, and preaching,—

"Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
Cheering the flock with melancholy cries."

They are found to be of no use now, these ponderings and peerings from the wrong side, and only the glances they did compass now and then of the wholeness and beauty of the design are what we take to our hearts.

So you will notice it is, on the other hand, with the words that win the heart and sweeten and ennoble the life of man. We read the books or hear the discourse of those who are forever looking in toward the shadows, but there is no rest in them, or help in trouble, or light or joy. We seek bread, and find a stone; break the egg, and it holds a scorpion. We do not take such things to our sick that they may be healed, or pick the kernel out of them for our children. We know where to find the helpful things in the words of those who have seen the light strike through the mystery, and take these for the hunger we all strike soon or late. The men and women who stand in the front rank of our religious teachers and thinkers — not to sects alone, but to the nations — are those always who look out toward the light and hold it in their hearts. Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Channing, Parker, Bellows, Beecher, Clarke, and a host besides, to speak only of the noble dead,—it is one golden chain from Alpha to Omega. The words which bring their own benediction come home to us from those who have stood in the holy place and seen the light strike through, to find this as the last great word: God is light, and in him is no darkness at all; and God is love. Such is the truth, as it comes to me, of fronting the light; and now these are some of the lessons we may gather from it to help and hearten us.

Does my life, as I must live it, trouble me? and my fortune? Are these all a muddle, as poor Stephen says in the story? Then I must lay this truth well to my heart: that the men who win are very seldom those who are always peering and pondering on the dark side. They are those who get heaven and the sun for the background to their own best striving; and then the fairest fortune possible to us comes through that winsome light. To lose this is to lose my strongest ally, and I put a cheerful courage on when I stand with my face to the sun. The successful men in the long fight with fortune are the cheerful men, or those, certainly, who find this fair background of faith and hope. Columbus, but for this, had never found our New World, or men like Sam Adams struck the bell for the Revolution in the great old days.

Is there trouble again with that which lies deeper? Are my health and strength in peril? Well, I think there can be little doubt of this: that those who are forever looking on the dark side of their illnesses and ailments, peering in toward the shadows when they should face the light, toss away the finest chances left them to get well again; while those who strive for a cheerful background of faith and hope either win health or, if this is not to be, win some high blessing which may come by sickness.

There is an excellent satire under the cap and bells when the doleful doctor comes to see his patient, and says sadly to the poor man, There is not one chance in a thousand that you will get well, but I commend you to be cheerful. I want no such Jeremiads when my turn comes to be sick, but men who will bring me all the good cheer in the world in their eyes and the tones of their voice and the touch of their hand, and will say to me, While there's life, there's hope, my friend; and I propose to help you get well. A dear friend of mine used to say of a fine old doctor in Philadelphia that his simple presence did his patients more good than his medicine, and was easier to take beyond all comparison. This was forty

years ago. Well, such a presence is always a noble medicine in itself. The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us always to look toward the light, sets the tides of life flowing again, and cubes all our chances of getting well. It was a very common grievance among the surgeons who had this good cheer in them, when we used to leap out to nurse our men after the great battles, that well-meaning but woful-looking men of the old school—in theology, I mean—would invade the hospitals and rob the brave fellows of what courage was left in them by the dolor of their words and the sadness of their presence, when the delicate balances between life and death drew about even, and very often would turn the scale for death. I want no such curate for mind or body, no such doctor or nurse or priest. They must come as the good Christ came,—for healing, and not for affright. 'Tis life of which my nerves are scant then; and, if they have no ministry of life unto life, I can wait until some cheerful soul comes to give me a hand.

Has that trouble smitten me for which I think there is no healing? Are those who were the very light of my life taken while I am left,—the lambs in the flock, the youth in its fair bloom, the manhood or womanhood in its perfect prime? It is a great and sore trouble. God forbid that I should say otherwise. How can I? and, if I could, Jesus would rebuke me, weeping beside a grave. But may not the trouble within the trouble for the most of us be this: that we look in toward the shadows so ruthlessly, stand with our back to the sun, peer into the vault, nurse our vast and awful sorrow, and let this make havoc of us beyond all measure, instead of trying to find the place where the sunlight of the immortal life will smite some day through the trouble, and stir us to a new hope and expectation? The one true way, I will tell my heart, then, is to set our graves even against this background of heaven and the great and sure hope of man. Good Bishop Horne says, Wormwood eaten with bread is not bitter. Well, let me eat my wormwood, then, with the bread of life. There have been, and are, those who find the place where the light strikes through the grave,—yes, the very grave,—and then the whole haggard and hopeless sorrow suffers a change. So we must try to find that place, too, "who sit in darkness and the shadows of death. There may be many things we cannot make out after all, as there was to me that afternoon in the great window; but the light is there, burning through, and this is the grand matter. Death has no dominion when we once find the place where a sure faith and a great hope in God can smite through these vast, sad shadows of death and the grave.

So, if the truth stands good, finally, that some will be forever looking toward the shadows, while others will never be content until they find where the light dwelleth, let us, please God, be of these last. Those great souls of the old days and the new who help and inspire us to the finest purpose and the most divine have caught the secret of the true standpoint for you and me. Let me stand where they stood, fronting the light. Then it shall smite through sickness for me, and pain, and the dark glass of hard fortune, and make a nobler faith my own in life and death. Let me try to do as they did. Be wilful about this grand matter,—be cowed by no rebuff, tired out by no waiting, and beaten in no fight.

"Here is the rock," they said to me, when I was up among the miners, "and here is the gold, and we pursue it through thirty-six processes; but there it is, you see, at last. Heft that bar, sir." So wilful would I be for this clear shining of God's resplendent sun, for this fine gold of his truth,—waiting, watching, and searching for it as those who search for hid treasure. I think the main trouble with my doubt and dimness is this: that I do nothing about it, but let them have their way, it may be, who tell us there can be no light on these misty mysteries. I may have been all too ready to fall in with such a conclusion and to stay outside. Let me go into the holy place, and hear him who said so grandly, "I am the light of the world," and has proved his word to be so grandly true in all these ages, then I shall not abide in the darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Or do I find this mist troubles me as I stand at the portals of life, and wonder how I shall win through, I will front the light. Do I find dimness in age, let me explore old Bunyan again, and have him tell me how those that fared on toward the end of their pilgrimage, faithful and true, came at last

to where the sun shineth alway. Nay, is my faith itself in the shadow,—not lost, but in the mist,—then let me sing with the fine old Wesleyan heart in me I caught from her nurturing, "In hope against all human hope, self-desperate, I believe,"—sing until the sun comes out as I watch and wait, and hasten his shining by my singing. Nothing shall withstand my hungry wilfulness to front the light. I also will say, "Put my name down, sir: I mean to go in there, and face the glorious appearing"; and the old dreamer shall say of me, also, as he watches me from his hard-won eminence, "Verily, I know the meaning of that." For

"Two powers, since first the world began,
Have ruled our life, and rule it still.
Twin forces in the life of man
Are Faith and Will.

"The pole-star and the helm of life,
That sets the head, this gives the force,
Through seas of peace, or stress and strife,
To shape our course.

"These powers which stand in God's own strength,
In dark and light, in joy and doom,—
Unshaken are the powers at length
That bring us home.

"But where is home? That faith can tell.
But what is faith? That will can prove
In striving bravely, working well,
And fronting God's eternal love."

THE NEED OF A UNITARIAN CHURCH.

An intelligent woman who in conversation had expressed herself as a hearty believer in the views of religion commonly held by Unitarians was asked why with such a faith she did not connect herself with the struggling Unitarian church there was in her city, the doors of which, as she confessed, she had never entered. After offering the various outer husks of excuse with which the grain of our real motives is often covered up, such as "needing Sunday as a day of home rest," "lost the habit of church-going," "friends and associates all in other denominations," and the like, her true heart reason came out. It was the question whether under the Unitarian religion itself there was any need or place for a Unitarian church. Those sects, she said, which believe that man is naturally in a lost condition, in which, unless something is done for him, he will remain to all eternity, and which have a special scheme of doctrine by which alone he can be saved, may very properly organize churches for his rescue. But Unitarians who hold that men are born naturally as the children of a heavenly Father, that a good life lived anywhere—at home, or in the market, or in the field—is the ground of salvation, that acceptable worship depends not on its place, but on its being offered in spirit and truth, and that all human beings and all things are sure at last as the result of the world's progress to come out right,—for them to run a church is as foolish and inconsistent as it would be to form a society for making the winds blow, or the sun shine, or the tides rise, or the spring come.

It is a reason, more or less distinctly recognized, which pervades all liberal communities. It helps explain not only why, with our doctrines widely held, so few of their holders are in our societies, but why those who are in them support them often with so little enthusiasm,—why just in proportion as we make Unitarian men and women we unmake Unitarian churches. It is a position which deserves to be fairly and squarely met. Is there on Unitarian grounds the real need of a Unitarian church?

Taking the fundamental principle of Unitarianism and of all liberalism,—that religion is to be found not in any one special church, but in all churches and everywhere,—what is this principle, rightly considered, but the very ground on which to base a church that is devoted to such finding? For, while religion does indeed exist everywhere, how often is it lost sight of in the multitude of other things, even religious things, with which it is mixed up, its forest rendered invisible because of its many trees, in some places an intricate creed, in others an elaborate form of worship, in others the machinery of ecclesiastical organization, and in nearly all its proclamation not as a good in itself and for natural human wants, but as a remedy for sin and a satisfaction for supernatural tastes. It is these outside wrappings which are alienating and repelling from it multitudes who ought to be its warmest friends, and, what is worse still,

are imposing themselves on its adherents as substitutes for its real essence. If there is one thing which to-day would do more than another for religion's welfare, it is not a church that would add to it new truths, but one which would collect together, free of all disguises, those of its truths that all churches and all places already abundantly have. Suppose that men were doing with food what they are with faith, recognizing the value of that only which is eighteen hundred or three thousand years old, mixing it in with minerals and bitter herbs, putting it up in repulsive-looking packages, telling the world that it is to be used as a medicine rather than as nourishment, and insisting on its being eaten only with certain magical rites and forms: who does not see that in such a state of things there would be the imperative need of at least one place where it would be kept and sold simply as food, free of all adulterations and in only plain and honest packages? Water is everywhere, is one and the same thing in the clouds, in the soil, in the sea, and in the stagnant pool. But who thinks that on that account there is any the less need of the cool, living spring where it exists simply as water, and where every human being can go and get it free of impurities and free of cost for his common daily wants? It is such a store, such a spring, that a Unitarian church aspires to be in its relation to that religion which it recognizes as everywhere. And, so far as it embodies its aspiration, is it not the answer on strictly Unitarian grounds to a real need?

Take the next great Unitarian idea, that men are born not in a lost and fallen condition, but in the kingdom of God, naturally good, and needing only to grow up in it to be saved. And, instead of its making a church for them useless, does it not render a place where they can be nourished and directed in their growth and kept and trained in their birthright all the more a necessity? To be born the child of God naturally good, does not mean to be born the full grown man of God, naturally perfect. It means simply to be born with the religious nature in a childlike condition; that is, in the germ, and the same here as with all our other faculties needing special help for its development. Every child is born with an intellectual nature. Yet who argues that on that account schools and colleges are a superfluity? Who, rather, does not see that the one thing that would make them superfluous would be the doctrine of our birth without such a nature? Every child is born with the capacity for affection. Yet who thinks that a belief in it removes all necessity of providing for its development with a mother's loving arms and the sweet atmosphere of a home? Every child is born with a physical nature wonderfully beautiful in itself, and needing only natural growth to become that of a full statured man or woman. Yet how does the recognition of it take away one particle from the need of houses, markets, mills, factories,—all the multiplied institutions devoted to the supply of physical wants? And in harmony with the same principle does not its being born with a religious nature imply its need of a religious school, a religious home, a religious institution; that is, of a church for its full development? With the idea of human nature held by other denominations as morally diseased and at enmity against God, the root idea of the church is inevitably that of a spiritual hospital and reformatory. With the Unitarian idea of it as beginning morally healthy and as a child of God, the root idea of the church is that of a school, a training place; and, however necessary the hospital and reformatory may be as institutions of society for those who are sick and criminal, who will say that the school, the institution, which begins with training them never to be sick or criminal, is not a thousandfold more important, and that, while with social progress and the sick and criminal becoming fewer the church based on the hospital and reformatory idea will become less and less imperative, the church based on the school idea will grow continually more and more needed?

Take the Unitarian principle yet further, —that religion is not a wise scheme of atoning blood, by accepting which the world is to be saved from the wrath to come, but a great spiritual and moral force, by the use of which in the market, the home, the shop, the legislative hall, and society at large it is to be saved from the wrath which is now and here,—and this, too, fairly applied, means not so much the giving up of the church as the enlarging of its scope. The more a denomination believes in good works

as a means of saving and bettering the world, the more need it has not only of individual well-doing, but of large and united effort. Every other kind of activity,—agriculture, commerce, manufactures, wars, education, science,—every kind especially in which great difficulties are to be overcome, as the running of railroads, the sailing of ships, the stamping out of diseases, and the exploration of new countries, has to be carried on by great organized companies. The world's progress, instead of removing their necessity, is only increasing their need. And in an age which is more filled than any other has ever been with business corporations, labor unions, scientific associations, reformatory societies, yachting clubs, and the like, in an age when even a game of base-ball cannot be played without an organization, why should religion, with the most difficult of all works to do,—that of overcoming evil itself, and building up on earth the kingdom of God,—think that it has no longer any need of such help? Why, at any rate, should not those who believe in such a religion recognize that on their own ground the use of it is more imperative than it possibly can be on that of the old theology?

Finally, take the Unitarian faith,—that all persons and all things, as the result of God's will and the world's progress, are to come out right in the end,—this, instead of putting the church in the category of institutions to make the winds blow and the sun shine and the tides rise and the springtime come, is really the one thing which crowns and completes its need. If God was not at work in the world, and if all persons and all things were not sure to come out right at last, then, indeed, not only the church, but everything else on earth which is laboring for its final good, would so far be of no use. The mistake of the *laissez-fairist* in religion is that of making God's force and God's will to be something outside of human workers instead of what includes them as a part of his agents. The winds, the tides, the sunshine, and the spring of nature are, indeed, outside of us, and in need of no human societies for promoting their efficiency. But the winds, the tides, the sunshine, and the spring of religion are in men, and depend on them in part at least for what they do. Nay, even as regards the winds, tides, sunbeams, and springtimes of nature, if they are not in need of human help to move them, they are in need of human help to direct them into channels of the highest good; and it is through human co-operation with them—man's sails spread to the breeze, man's factories built where the tides ebb and flow, man's eyes turned to what the sunlight shows, and man's seed planted when the springtime comes—that the world's physical progress is carried on. And that is what the church is needed for in connection with the world's great moral and spiritual forces,—to spread its sails to their winds, build its factories by their ebb and flow, open its eyes to their light, and plant its seed in their springtime. And, if true to itself, it ought to do this with all the more zeal, just in proportion as it believes that not one stroke of its work is to be lost, and that, as the result of it and of the God within it, all things in the end will come out right.

It is on such grounds, all distinct, rational, Unitarian grounds, that I base the need, more imperative to-day than ever before, of a Unitarian church,—not, indeed, one of the old type, but of what embodies the essential church idea, the union of people religiously inclined for the proclamation of religious truth, the cultivation of religious feeling, the offering of religious worship, and the doing of religious work. One of the reasons why liberals have fallen away so largely from existing Unitarian churches is that these churches have been kept so exclusively of the old, narrow, other-denomination type. Their managers have accepted the new wine of religion, but have insisted on putting it into the old bottles. The old Scriptures are the only ones that they use as sacred. They cannot make a new service book, but they must fill it as much as possible with the old prayers. With a religion professing to be adapted to this world, they are shocked at having it preached with reference to this world's problems. Even their church edifices are built in imitation of the old ecclesiastical styles. And it is the pride of some of their preachers that their sermons in pious unction and in the use of pious words can hardly be distinguished from those of professedly orthodox divines, and that they themselves are sometimes welcomed in orthodox pul-

pits. There is nothing to be said against the old forms for those who believe in the old ideas. They were, and are, their admirable embodiment; and the men and women who keep to them are to be honored for their consistency and good sense. But for Unitarians, new Unitarians, born in our day and filled with our life, to go into such simply because they are labelled with the Unitarian name, it is no wonder that so many shrink from it with religious dismay. To do so with their enlarged ideas is about as consistent as it would be to harness a new five hundred power locomotive engine to an old lumbering stage-coach; and, in the few cases where the experiment has been tried and the spirit's steam let on, it is no wonder that the coach has very speedily rattled to pieces. Such inconsistency, however, is no reason for letting the new five hundred power ideas lie useless in the world's great workshop. The true course is rather to make the Unitarian church in its structure, methods, scope, and capacities a worthy vehicle for our Unitarian ideas to be coupled with and to use. Put the two together, the five hundred horse power liberal truth and the five hundred horse power Liberal church, then heap in the coal, kindle up the fires, crowd on the steam, open the piston-valves, set its whole five hundred power to doing its utmost, and the combination, instead of rattling to pieces or droning along in the old lumbering coach style, will stand joyfully the enormous strain, and with a speed and efficiency that neither the church alone nor liberalism outside of the church ever dreamed of, will draw itself, and draw with it the whole long train of society's other institutions, on to the city of the perfect earth and beyond to the port of the eternal sea.

John C. Kimball.

Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES LAMB, ESSAYIST.

I could not have been more than ten or twelve years old when a famous literary "pirate" conferred on me a royal favor. I have read some very bitter things which have been said of John B. Alden, the New York publisher, by men whose grievance has been purely personal; and I have read some of the hot words hurled at him and his kind, on the floor of Congress, by men whose motives were of the most unselfish nature. And while my sympathies, without any reserve whatever, are with the supporters of the international copyright law, I can never be so basely ungrateful as to forget that, in the furtherance of some advertising scheme, Mr. Alden sent me, without money and without price, "A Dissertation on Roast Pig." As all children who have a common-school education must perforce hear of the famous essayist, I, of course, was familiar with the name of Charles Lamb; but in that little pamphlet, almost drowned in a flood of advertising matter, I first met face to face the genial and lovable scribbler. It was my introduction to a volume which I have since come to love as perhaps I love no other, save my flimsy, half-dollar edition of the rollicking, warm-hearted Scottish poet, Burns.

It is not every man who can come to the stage of favorable intimacy with an author without becoming at the same time a partialist and a bigot. Mankind regards its favorite authors very much as it does its favorite saints; and, of all men in the world who should essay the task of criticising an author, his worshippers should be looked to last. So, having confessed that Charles Lamb is very dear to me, I do not think it can be amiss to say that I ought not to be expected to give in this paper anything like a critique of his work as an essayist. What I purpose is the much simpler task of commenting briefly on several of his more prominent essays with the aim of interesting others in them, wishing it were possible to make him as dear to them as he is to me.

Whatever may be said of Lamb as a poet or a dramatist, it is very certain that his reputation, which bids fair to be an immortal one, must rest upon his essays. For while his few dramatic pieces, unsuccessful when presented on the stage, have many passages not to be despised, and while his admirers never fail to find a charm in his fugitive poems, it is with his essays that he strikes the most responsive chord in his reader's breast. Still, one cannot read without pleasure the "Sonnet written at Cambridge," beginning,

> "I was not trained in academic bowers,
> And to these learned streams I nothing
> owe,"—

a pleasure which is doubtless born of sympathy with the young student of Christ's Hospital, who, partly because of his poverty and partly because of his Unitarianism, had to watch his mates departing for the university while he turned in disappointment, but without a murmur, to the irksome work of the counting-room.

His father, who had been the chief functionary of one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, was at this time sinking into that extreme stage of second childhood verging on imbecility; and the employment given Charles Lamb under his brother John at the South Sea House was of inestimable value to his family and to the world. To the scant income of the one it added a significant pittance, and to the literature of the other it added the opening essay of Elia, "The South Sea House," which appeared in the *London Magazine* for August, 1820.

I scarce know how to characterize this essay, nor do I know how to analyze its subtle charm. It has that sustained interest, for one thing, which comes from a man's telling in an interesting way of something out of his personal experience. Then, too, it has that gossipy air, dear in one form or another to all,—a craving which it would be well indeed for all of us to satisfy in so healthy and harmless a fashion. But to talk in a familiar, confidential way of men and things, even when we have no acquaintance with the one and know nothing of the other, must be ever interesting; and, it being so, how can we question the merit of an essay of which the following passage affords but a passing glance?

"Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forward, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the application of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it, then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly like gentle folks, while I fear all was not well at times within. She had a neat, meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop."

Doubtless it would be quite as profitable, and much more interesting, for me to go on; but I must pause with this selection, which shows you the points of which I have spoken.

In quite a different strain, but none the less difficult to analyze, is another essay of old and dear acquaintance, "Grace before Meat." Possibly one pleasure in perusing this essay is in some degree heightened by the knowledge that, although Lamb had at this time (1821) become quite indifferent to matters of religion, and that the light and playful manner in which the subject is handled gave the scoffer an opportunity to play his cutest pranks, there is no scoffing. Charles Lamb was no scoffer: what was dear to others was sacred to him, though not by him believed. It is in this essay that there first occurs that pun so often quoted to the discomfiture of the clergy and credited to various recent sources. He says that at a dinner party one C. V. L. was importuned to ask grace. Slyly leering up and down the table, he inquired, "Is there no clergyman here?" then adding significantly, "Thank God." His half-facetious manner of treating the matter must be far from offensive to the most reverent reader. On the contrary, in what is an unmistakably serious tone, he puts such questions as these (what thinking man does not ask them?): "I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day beside my dinner. I want a form for setting out on a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts,—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakspere, a

devotional exercise proper to be said before reading 'The Fairy Queen'?" Or, again, he says: "The plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. . . . It is a confusion of purposes to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters."

A few months later, in December, 1821, appeared, in still another vein and quite as charming, especially to those of us who like experience, "My First Play." It may be for the reason that this essay strikes home to my own personal history that I have read and reread it, always with renewed pleasure and interest. He mingles here, amid a flood of fascinating description, a trickling stream of that gossipy chit-chat so prominent in the "South Sea House." Lamb's power as an essayist is very apparent here and in this connection. It is very seldom that we read or listen to a man who is long in coming to the point at which he aims without tiring. Here, however, is the opportunity of our true essayist. His point is of small moment: it is his power of interesting by the way, which marks his success. Just as the comedy must not have too much of a plot lest the attention of the audience be drawn from the fun, which is the real *raison d'être*, so must the essayist rely upon the interest aroused by what is in many cases simple loquacity. One need dilate little upon the difficulties of such a task,—a task so successfully performed by Charles Lamb. To exemplify the point, return to the essay we have wandered from,—"My First Play." Telling us at the beginning that the theatre was the Old Drury Lane, whose door he never passes, as he says, without shaking forty years off his shoulders and recurring to the evening when he passed through it to see his first play, he proceeds well enough through the first short paragraph, but no sooner enters the second than he turns from his course to tell us about somebody we never before heard about, and care nothing about, but in whom we get wonderfully interested hearing him tell about. When he has finished the pleasant task of fishing some worthy from obscurity and giving him an immortal setting, he recounts the raising of the curtain, the green veil which enclosed to his imagination, as to that of many another childish mind, a heaven of wonders. And how with its raising "all feeling was absorbed in vision! I heard but the one word 'Darius,' and I was in Daniel. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams."

But in his non-critical essays it appears to me that Lamb rises to the height of excellence in the famous essay, "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." The light but interesting prattle, flowing on in the most classic of classic English prose, is throughout entrancing. The gossip is of old scenes and early recollections. That his imagination must have had a broad foundation of fact is attested by the concise opening sentence: "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple." Every figure which is here immortalized was stamped upon the indelible negative of his childish memory, was seen through that exaggerating and expanding eye; and, in the pale, delicate, dark-haired boy with a strong imaginative element, these recollections must have afforded a rich fund from which to draw in after years. Surely, he drew from that fund in this essay, and drew well and deeply. How fascinating it all is! The lament for the fountain, long since bricked over; the old sun-dial, beside which the clock, with "its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, seemed but a dead thing"; Thomas Coventry, whose figure was quadrate, whose step was massy and elephantine, with a face as square as a lion's; pensive Samuel Salt, who had a reputation for wisdom, gained by keeping his mouth closed; and old Lovel, under which thin mask Lamb tried to hide the picture of his father, drawn with an accurate and unerring hand. Surely, if Charles Lamb was loved for nothing else, this picture of his father, drawn with filial tenderness, ought to reach and touch our hearts.

Let me say a word in closing regarding Lamb's position in literature.

Probably it cannot in justice be claimed that Lamb was a great writer. No man can be very great as an author who spends the most of his vital force posting the journals and ledgers of a great commercial corporation. No man can fill a very large

place in a department of art so exacting as literature, when for ten hours of the day he is but a cog in a great machine. No, none of us will ever quarrel with the authorities if he is crowded into the lower, obscure corner of text and reference books of English literature, to make room, very possibly, for some literary nobody who will be forgotten when Lamb is still lovingly remembered. Even the musty smell of gin and water which floats out to us when we examine his writings closely cannot drive us from him. What man whose heart is not of stone can stand beside the grave of Scotland's profligate poet, and not drop one tear and say, "*Poor* Robbie Burns"? And so the poet, dramatist, and essayist, who gave up the dream which most young men entertain of wife and home and children, that he might make an asylum for his unfortunate insane sister, who all his life long loved and served her with the tenderness and solicitude of a lover, who never once murmurs that his lot is hard and fortune obdurate, deserves our love and sympathy. *Poor* Charles Lamb! Little wonder that he sought sometimes to drown his pressing troubles in the cup which inebriates! What a debt of gratitude does London owe him! Old smoky, foggy London, how he loved her! How he loved her busy streets and prosy, darksome by-ways! What a debt the world owes him, since he gave a "tear for every sorrow, and a laugh for every joy"!—the man whose words were never written with the caustic ink of rancor, whose sympathies were as wide as his purse was limited, whose God-appointed mission it was to divert mankind with the most poetic prose that ever flowed from mortal pen!

F. E. Webster.

Potsdam, N.Y.

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*USE AND ABUSE OF CREEDS.**

In all ages of the world theological differences have excited more bitterness than could be aroused in any other way. Religious wars are the most sanguinary and cruel, and religious disputes the most irreconcilable. The inquisition and the auto-da-fé were but extreme manifestations of the love of persecution which still animates some of the so-called disciples of Christ.

"Orthodoxy history through," says Dr. Parkhurst, "has been happy in shedding the blood of heterodoxy. As civilization has advanced, modes of burning and burying alive have been modified, and assumed more æsthetic forms; but there is the same queer impulse back of it all."

In early and mediæval times the Catholic church, then the repository of the Christian faith, was necessarily the church Militant, striving to become the church Triumphant. For her a creed was the standard around which her forces rallied. Earliest Christianity needed no such authorized statement of belief. Jesus told his disciples not so much what to believe as what to be and do. Alas for the simplicity of the primitive faith! Holy living gradually came to be regarded as less important than correct thinking. God could no longer be trusted to reveal himself unto babes, nor could it be true that he hid himself from the wise and prudent; and the teaching of the church became authoritative and final, while she arrogated to hreself extraordinary powers. Her watchword was: "Believe, and be saved. Reject our creed, and be damned." And in the nineteenth century we still hear this promise and this threat from conservative Orthodoxy.

As time elapsed, the tendency to deify Jesus increased among Christians. It was an age of deification, when the Greek and Roman gods shared the frailties of humanity and a dying emperor could claim after death a place among the national deities. Clinging still, as the disciples of Christ did, to the idea of the unity of God,—that grand conception of the Jewish people,—the only reconciliation was through the metaphysical creation of a trinity, three persons and one God. This doctrine finds no expression in the Apostles' Creed, but is most fully and circumstantially stated in the Nicene Creed, framed by the followers of Athanasius at the Council of Nicæa, and in the Athanasian Creed. Arius, as we know, was defeated; and the doctrine of his opponents, the orthodox doctrine of the early ages, was embodied in these two creeds.

Heber Newton, representing the liberal thought of his church, calls the Nicene Creed the church's Charter of Freedom. I cannot thus regard any creed which imposes upon the mind belief in a metaphysical

* A paper read before the Unitarian Club of St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 19, 1892.

subtlety, only to be explained by calling it the Great Mystery. The great creeds of Christendom define the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being. The more elaborate statements of the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession serve as corollaries, and more fully define the place of man in the "divine plan."

The Westminster Confession was framed by order of the British Parliament. The Assembly was composed of Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians. They were, we are told, "men of eminent learning, godliness, ministerial abilities, and fidelity." They did their work conscientiously,—so conscientiously that it occupied them five years. They framed the Confession, sentence by sentence, word by word, building as they thought, for time and eternity, an expression of faith for the human soul that would admit of no change nor growth. Their work has stood unaltered for three hundred and fifty years, and the Presbyterian church has required from its clergy and members assent to its doctrines.

The foundation upon which the Westminster Confession rests is the infallibility of the Bible. The structure is supported by the texts, literally interpreted; but these textual supports are many of them crumbling under the searching heat of nineteenth-century investigation and knowledge.

We have before us the report of the Committee on Revision, sent down to the local presbyteries by the General Assembly of 1891. The most radical and really the only important change proposed relates to the chapter on "Predestination." These two sections are stricken out:—

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death."

"These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be increased or diminished."

This doctrine is perhaps the most shocking of any to that natural sense of justice which God has implanted in the human mind. We suppose that it has been stricken out on that ground, since, although it has no Biblical proof, the same may be said of other doctrines which remain unassailed. The doctrine of predestination is condemned so strongly by the best element in the Presbyterian church we have no doubt the conservative minority will after a time be ashamed to acknowledge they clung to its retention. At present, however, there is a very decided opposition on the part of many to any and every change in their creed. We notice that at the meeting of the St. Louis presbytery, there were eleven votes in favor of the retention of the clause, "Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved by Christ." Nineteen votes were in favor of dropping the restricting term "elect." One of the clergymen present defined elect infants to be the children of professed Christians. He could not undertake to say what became of other children: he left it to God, who doubtless could decide the matter without the reverend gentleman's aid.

"It has been abundantly proved," says Dr. Heber Newton, "by these discussions in the Presbyterian church that no man can be found who thinks at all who is not heretical upon some points of the Westminster Confession." How like a fairy tale appears to us the story of the fall of our first parents! Yet the Confession repeats this story with the assertion that they, "being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity." We find men who subscribe to this doctrine, although they know that there is absolutely no scientific authority for any such origin of the human race, but quite the opposite, and who at the same time accept the modern idea of evolution from a beginning which was hardly moral or immoral, but simply animal. Perhaps this story only means that consciousness of sin was the rudimentary step upward from animal to man. Says Dr. Briggs: "Protestant theologians have exaggerated the original righteousness in order to magnify the guilt of our first parents. They thus come in conflict with ethical and religious philosophy. The Bible is not responsible for these exaggerations. The original man was innocent and sinless, but not possessed of that moral and righteous excellence which comes only by discipline and heavenly training. The temptation was a necessary means of grace." At the meeting of the presbytery of Rochester, N.Y., to consider the proposed

revision of the Westminster Confession, the clause, "The guilt of the sin was imputed," was dropped, because to say, "We all sinned in Adam," is to say what is utterly unintelligible and inconceivable; and the whole idea is contrary to natural justice, and to the express declaration of Scripture, "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father." This is the most radical change we have noted, and the report is headed "Dogmas torn to Tatters."

The theory of original sin has been emphasized to make the necessity of the atonement appear greater, and we doubt if this alteration made at Rochester will be sanctioned by the General Assembly. Imputed sin seems to us an essential part of the scheme of salvation. "The first covenant made with man," we are told, "was a covenant of works; but, man by his fall having made himself incapable of life by that covenant, the Lord was pleased to make a second, commonly called the 'covenant of grace,' wherein he freely offered unto sinners life and salvation by Jesus Christ, requiring of them faith in him that they may be saved." If, as the Confession declares, by the disobedience of Adam we did not become "dead in sin" and "wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body," where is the necessity of "satisfying the justice of the Father" by atonement for sin? Indeed, if we object to imputed sin, we must also object to imputed righteousness, since there is no more reason that we should be rewarded for the righteousness of Christ than that we should be punished for the sin of Adam. Either doctrine is "contrary to natural justice."

The terms, "effectual calling," "justification," "adoption," and "sanctification," so familiar to Orthodoxy, sound to us strange. They seem to stand for something outside of our experience; yet they simply represent different stages of regeneration.

"All those whom God has predestinated unto life," says the Confession, "he effectually calls." (We are glad to see there is a desire in the presbytery to drop the restricting clause.) They who are effectually called are simply those who are responsive to the Divine Influence. In this we believe, but not in justification, whereby we are accounted righteous for Christ's sake, nor in adoption, if this means being "sealed to the day of redemption." We believe in sanctification, not "through the virtue of Christ's death and resurrection," but through living as he lived. Regeneration has too often been represented as a sudden change. It sometimes comes as an illumination and a consequent revulsion from sin, but the old tendencies remain to be repressed with conflict and struggle. It is related of one Betrucio, a miniature painter, that he was induced to go to the Duomo, where Savonarola preached. He was a man of quick temper, devoted to pleasure, and a scoffer; yet he listened to the Frate with new emotion, tears in his eyes. Again and again he came to listen, and finally sought Savonarola in the convent, threw himself at his feet, and begged to be allowed to join the brotherhood. The wise Frate would not permit him to do so until he had proved the permanence of his conversion by remaining awhile longer in the world, buried in works of mercy.

We have dwelt upon this point because Dr. Briggs was arraigned for advocating "progressive sanctification" after death, and declaring that there was no authority in the Scriptures for the doctrine of immediate sanctification at death. Naturally, this was supposed to call in question the efficacy of faith in Christ's atoning blood to wash the sinner white as snow. Attention has been called to some of the more important changes in the Presbyterian Creed proposed by the Revision Committee, whose labors were very much hampered by the instruction given them to keep within Calvinistic lines. Perhaps this precaution was necessary, since what has been done already proves the necessity for further and more radical change.

So far as these alterations go, they show the liberalizing influences of our time; yet altogether they are of far less importance than the recognition among the leaders of orthodox opinion of the supremacy of reason. Says Heber Newton, in a recent sermon: "Reason must be the rock-bed of our faith, and Bible and church alike rest on it. Only by reason can records of salvation and church philosophies be tested, and tested satisfactorily." If the Westminster Confession were tested by the light of reason, very little would remain.

Dr. Briggs in his famous address also asserts the claim of the reason as a source of

Divine Authority. "Martineau," he says, "could not find Divine Authority in the church or the Bible, but he did find God enthroned in his own soul. There are those who would refuse these rationalists a place in the company of the faithful. But they forget that the essential thing is to find God and divine certainty; and, if these men have found God without the mediation of church and Bible, church and Bible are means, but not ends: they are avenues to God, but not God."

Again he says: "There are few who are able to rise by reflection into the higher consciousness of God. These few are of the mystic type of religion,—the men who have been the prophets of mankind, the founders of religions, the leaders of revivals and reformations, who, conscious of the Divine Presence within them, and certain of his guidance, lead on confidently in the paths of Divine Providence. . . . The Being of God in the Bible is still high above the best attainments of philosophical theism, and the most skilful constructions of the systematic theologian. . . . How was it possible for any ancient writer to have conceived or imagined such a God unless God had presented himself to him in the forms of the reason, and he had seen and known him as the only true God?"

If the Revision Committee will expunge from the creed all that is not rational and consistent, how very near Orthodoxy will be to Unitarianism! We bid them God-speed in abrogating the doctrines that have caused so much unhappiness to conscientious believers; yet we do not blame them that they go cautiously to work lest the whole structure fall. It is an invention of man; but it is for man, and may be adapted to his weakness.

Dr. Everett quotes Dr. Martineau as saying that a union between Orthodox and Unitarian might be formed upon the basis of a common worship. "It only needs to be recognized by this plan," he says, "that the Father who is worshipped by the Unitarian is the same Divinity whom the Orthodox worship under the title of the Son." Dr. Everett goes on to say that the deification of Jesus introduced into the conception of Deity the loftiest qualities of humanity enlarged to the vastness of the Divine Being. Call this anthropomorphism, if you will: the word is more hateful than the thing, and this is better than pantheism, atheism, or simply a belief in cosmic forces or protoplasm. The implanting of reverence in the human heart is the first step toward religion and a desire for something nobler. The lowest form of idòlatry is the rudiment of something better. More hopeless than the superstition of the savage, whose though goes out to something above himself, is the doubt of the Sadducee, who lives a self-centred life, believing in nothing higher and nobler. Idolatry, Mariolatry, Christolatry, make different stages of the religious life; and, if higher than all be the conception of a God who is a spirit, of the God whom Christ worshipped, we would not rudely destroy the beliefs which foreshadow this. We believe that the merely intelligent, intellectual idea of the one God, without that personal union which constitutes religion, is a very poor substitute for a more vital belief in Jesus as God. The intellectual error may be corrected: more difficult is it to rouse the religious feeling.

Denying the more salient doctrines of Orthodoxy, I believe Unitarians are more popularly known by what they do not than by what they *do* believe. The mere fact of having no creed adds to this impression. I have often thought that a concise creed, embodying only the essentials, the vital truths of religion, would be of advantage to us, especially in the Western States, where less is known of historical Unitarianism. We have a positive faith, the more positive that it does not rely upon external authority or miracle, nor upon any revelation save the revelation which God makes of himself to every soul prepared to receive him. We believe in Christ as human; but to us the human is divine, and full of divine possibilities.

The last meeting of the Unitarian Club of Boston was rendered memorable by the cordial interchange of views between representatives of the New Orthodoxy and leading Unitarians. Dr. Lyman Abbott's address was cordially indorsed by Dr. Peabody, who remarked that he was very much in sympathy with Dr. Abbott's Christology. Dr. Abbott was reported by the daily papers as having denied the Divinity of Christ. What he actually said was, "The New Orthodoxy centres about Christ; . . . but it

centres about him, not as God and man, mysteriously joined together, but as God *in* man." This seems to express the Unitarian view; yet Dr. Abbott considers himself a Trinitarian, and accepts that creed. Many of the orthodox believers cling to names and creeds long after they have for them no vital meaning, giving them a new interpretation.

The utterances of the New Orthodoxy approach so closely to Unitarian statements we are tempted to ask, What is the basis of the difference between them? George S. Merriam, in the *Register*, says that it is a difference of method rather than belief. Orthodoxy starts from a metaphysical conception of God, which is partly inherited, and Unitarianism from the world as observed and human life as experienced, reaching God through man. The result of this is that the Unitarian is always a learner, always ready to appropriate new ideas and discoveries. For him there is no possible conflict between science and religion, since one illumines the other. The difference between liberal and conservative is a difference of mental atmosphere, as I have often observed.

Religion is not confined to any age or clime, and saints and martyrs still speak to us from the past; but the idea of God, which is the basis of the religious sentiment, is ever changing with the new light of knowledge and the progress of humanity. When this conception is embodied in a creed, can that creed ever remain inviolate and unchanged after it has been transcended by the thought of man? The new wine of Orthodoxy must burst the old bottles, and the creeds must be altered. The leading evangelical clergymen recognize now that there is such a thing as progress. Reason and progress,—these are fatal foes to outworn errors.

We who possess a liberal faith can see the use and need of the varying forms of religion. God is unchangeable; but we who cannot behold him in the fulness of his glory see him under different aspects. There is one church Universal, but with different modes of worship suited to different needs. The Salvation Army offends good taste, as it marches through the street with drum and fife; but it brings light into dark places, and into dark minds we cannot reach. Down amid the confusion and noise of Third and Walnut Streets I paused before the open doors of the old cathedral, and entered. All was peaceful and still within. An old man sat with bowed head and prayed. Before the shrine of the Virgin two young girls in deep mourning were kneeling: another, with grief-stricken face, was approaching the altar. I thanked God that even in the nineteenth century the Holy Mother church gave comfort to the poor and afflicted, and that those who were there felt the all-embracing love of the Father as they knelt before the "Mother of God." We who are liberal Christians take as the basis of our religion the belief of Christ in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Upon this great creed as a basis, out of our daily thought and experience, out of the inner life, growing and expanding with the constant influx of light from a Divine Source, the Over-soul that gives to its creatures, according to their capacity to receive, we build our creeds. As the precious gift of individuality differentiates soul from soul, no two of these creeds are exactly alike; yet out of the clash and conflict of opinion, out of the separate jarring notes, shall be resolved the harmony of a fuller, completer knowledge of God, whose attributes are not to be measured by the limitations of our comprehension, but who is the Absolute that transcends thought. The truest creed is the universal creed, formed of all that is best in the belief of each and every human being. This creed can never be written: it changes daily, hourly, momently, with the progress of humanity. This is the creed of reason and progress and of the liberal church.

CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

THE TEMPLE AND THE IMAGE.

A PARABLE.

A temple there was in the morning of time,
And in the temple a shrine,
And over the shrine in a niche in the wall
An image that seemed divine;
And people tell
How once it fell
From heaven with portent and sign.

Some said the image was all in all,
And some said nay, not so;
Some said the temple itself would fall
If they laid the image low;
And they worshipped there
The image fair,
Like their fathers of long ago.

Others marvelled, looked up, and saw;
And from the niche they bore
The mystic image of ancient awe,
And placed it on the floor.
Then far and wide
The people cried,
"The temple is no more."

Time passed, but still the temple stands,
And daily at the shrine
Of the house made not with human hands
Is heard the song divine.
Traditions fall,
Creeds, symbols, all,
Yet lives the great design.

M. E. Baker.
Harvard Divinity School.

WHAT DOES THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT OWE TO PROF. KUENEN?

It is a well-known fact that Dr. Kuenen, together with C. W. Opzoomer of Utrecht and his older colleague, J. H. Scholten, of Leiden, has prepared the way for the liberal movement, first in the Netherlands, but also far beyond the boundaries of his own country. But it is not so clear to everybody *why* his labors have borne those fruits. This is much more easily understood in the case of Prof. Scholten, who in his principal work, "The Doctrine of the Reformed Church," has thoroughly searched and criticised all the doctrines of the old church, and has pointed out all their defects with inexorable severity and irresistible logic, afterward to erect a new doctrinal system upon the ruins of the old in accordance with the principles of more recent philosophic research. But Prof. Kuenen was not a doctrinal man: he was a great student of the Hebraic and Arabic languages, a diligent and thorough investigator of history, a man who was entirely master of the Old Testament. I do not mean to say that his knowledge was confined to these studies: there was hardly any scientific field in which Kuenen did not feel at home, and hence we have a number of treatises from his pen about subjects far removed from his principal department. The Old Testament, however, was his chief study. In what way have his writings upon that contributed toward the rise and growth of our liberal movement?

First of all, through him we have learned to understand the Old Testament. He has disclosed to us the sources of the historic development of the Jewish religion. His vast knowledge of the Hebrew language, which through the course of centuries has naturally undergone different changes no less than our own language, and of the general history of the days in which the books of the Old Testament were written, enabled him to place almost any book or part of a book in the period in which it must have been composed. This caused a decided change in the arrangement of the Old Testament books, the prophecies of Amos and Hosea and the first part of Isaiah and Micah being placed at the beginning, as the oldest parts of the Bible, while some of the first chapters of Genesis were put far over, as belonging to much later times.

What have we learned from this? We have learned from it that originally polytheism reigned in Israel, as among all ancient nations; that not until as late as the tenth century before Christ did the prophets, following in the footsteps of Moses, begin to distinguish the tribal deity Jahweh from other Semitic sun-gods, as Baal, Bel, and others, and to exalt him above these on account of the higher moral character attributed to him, without, however, denying at that period the existence of other gods besides Jahweh, which also the Ten Commandments fail to do. We have learned that the prophets of the eighth century before Christ were the first to recognize Jahweh as the only God in heaven and earth, who, however, had chosen Israel as his favorite among the nations, which, being bound to him with peculiar ties, was to be an example to other nations in devotion to his service. We have learned that these prophets, animated by this belief, collected, modelled, and remodelled the old legends and traditions of their people, in order to use them as a means of teaching and educating their contemporaries; that they could win to their advanced ideas only a small minority, which not until after centuries of struggle, with ever-changing success and failure, became the majority during and after the Babylonian exile, and afterward the only party in power; that then, however, the golden period of the prophets had passed by, and was succeeded by that of the priests and scribes; that to these latter we owe the greater part of the so-called Mosaic books, the priestly stories contained therein, together with those of the prophets,

as well as the many laws which gave to those five books, as a whole, the name of "the Law"; that this legal religion, which pressed Jewish life into a cast-iron mould, and impeded its free exercise, was developed especially by Ezra and thereafter; that, like every religion which is chained to a special system, the Jewish religion began to petrify and die away, the truly pious beginning to cherish a decided aversion to it; that this opposition, noticeable in the books of Ruth and Jonah, finally found expression in Jesus so powerfully that it created the great Jewish reformation, more familiar to us under the name of Christianity.

I know very well that this entire conception of the religious development of Israel is not only not accepted by a great many, but is even indignantly denied as "science falsely so called." But I know also that those who earnestly and attentively follow and investigate Kuenen's scientific researches must come to the conclusion that he is right.

Suppose that somebody gave us a mass of blocks of different size, form, and colors, and told us that all of them formed one whole, and we tried in vain to put them together, and we were finally obliged to give it up, and, without losing hold of the idea that they belong together in the manner in which we have tried it again and again, we are not able to show their unity, and now some one else steps to the front, and with decision puts the different parts together in such a way that the whole clearly shows the lines from top to bottom,—are we not going to admit that he has really found the meaning and purpose of each of those blocks? Must we not reach the conviction that he knows in what manner the whole is made up?

Those who have ever read the Old Testament attentively and without prejudice have noticed, must have noticed, a great variety in the language, contents, spirit, and tendency of the different books and even of differnet parts of the same book. In the old *régime* nobody could ever give even an approximately satisfactory explanation. Men only understood from the old tradition that all these different fragments formed together the one Word of God, the supernatural revelation of the Divine. But how? Nobody could explain how it was possible that the same God revealed himself, that the same Holy Spirit spoke and wrote, now in beautiful, then in immoral tales, now in genealogies, then in moral proverbs, now in imprecatory psalms, then in lofty avowals of childlike confidence, now in commonplace or artificial, then in highly spiritual prophecies. They considered these books, therefore, as a compilation of oracles, from which loose texts were produced, usually without regard to the context, to be used as a confirmation of one's own ideas, the student often being obliged first to put into them what he afterward wished to prove by them, but not doubting the unity of what was devoutly believed, but could never by any possibility be understood or proven. And when, sometimes, during investigation questions arose, which never fail to arise in any thoughtful mind,—questions concerning the truth of the traditional conception of the unity of these Scriptures,—those very questions were suppressed as sinful. The doubter bowed his head before the incomprehensible mystery, and no longer bothered his mind about it.

There comes Prof. Kuenen,—he was not alone, but still on many points he was the leader, and always with and among the leaders,—and first takes all these multifarious fragments carefully apart, observes them, studies them, compares them, finally makes the discovery of their mutual position and relation, and after long and careful research allots to each of the parts its proper place in his chronological arrangement. Thus he clearly shows their internal relation, their mutual unity. Truly, this is no longer the unity of so-called supernatural revelation, formerly supposed, but never in particulars pointed out, still less demonstrated. But it is the unity of the natural revelation of the divine, of the course of Israel's religious development which can be traced and explained step by step.

What have we gained thereby? First, the Old Testament has again become a readable book, which of course will be still more apparent when the new translation of the Old Testament, to which Kuenen devoted his last strength, and of which he has helped to complete a great portion, shall be published through the labors of his disciples, continued in his spirit. In the Old Testament thus elucidated, and therefore appearing in

a new light, we can learn to appreciate each part in its proper place, explained by its own period. We shall no longer laugh with Robert Ingersoll about the contradictions of Moses, now that we know that there is not a single word of Moses in the Bible, excepting, perhaps, the greater part of the Ten Commandments, and, maybe, some other injunctions, but that succeeding generations have simply inserted into the common law books those laws which they deemed necessary, introducing them to their contemporaries with the authority of the name of Moses. This will do away with our disgust of the cruelties, the injustice, and dishonesty committed by or in the name of Jahweh, which are still being daily preached and expounded by all sorts of half and quarter learned men; for now we understand that we have before us the feeble gropings of the Israelites after God and truth,—gropings which afterward, by the Israelites themselves, were improved and replaced with purer and loftier conceptions.

But, above all, we come to the conclusion that even in the Jewish nation we have no exception to the rule that there, as with all the nations of the earth, religious development has kept pace with the general development of the people, and that this development has therefore been a very natural one, devoid of any supernatural intervention of God.

Here, especially, lies the great importance of Kuenen's work for the liberal movement, which can no longer believe in a supernatural revelation, because everywhere in the development of the human race it discovers God's education, God's natural revelation. Hence the liberal movement does not look only backward for the revelation of God's truth: it believes that God, now as well as eighteen and twenty-eight centuries ago, causes his prophets to arise among the children of men, who bring us nearer to the truth and to religion, who renew the spiritual life of humanity from century to century, and from generation to generation.

Such a prophet was our Dr. Kuenen; and he will not die, as no real prophet ever dies, although earth now counts him, too, among her dead. And, although we think of him sorrowfully, convinced that each additional year of his life allotted to him would have given us one more part of the task which he had set for himself, still we thank God that we have had him, and have had in him a man who has made us feel that thoughts, truths, revelations, of the Divine, are immortal, eternally living means of salvation; a man who, by his pure and noble character, has inspired confidence in the influence of his rich soul, and has thereby brought us nearer to that God who lives in everybody and speaks to everybody, and who will ever open the hearts of men by the power of truth.

F. W. N. Hugenholtz.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

AN ALLEGORY.

It was a day dream. And, as I dreamed, there appeared a bright light in the east. It was the light of Hope. And, as I looked, I saw two forms spring forth, radiant with joy and strong with determination. They were the forms of Youth. The name of the one was Enjoyment; and on the girdle that bound the otherwise flowing robe, close to the waist of the other, I read the word Service. A voice spoke, as if the Hope-light were vocalized, so clear and sweet it sounded, saying, "To life they are come in pursuit of happiness." And then the light began to broaden, and the farthest horizon was bright, as though the day were more fully come. And I saw a new beauty on the earth, and new glory in the sky; for surely there was happiness in the life these two were come to live. And I looked again; and I saw them starting forth, each taking his own way. Enjoyment was frolicsome. The morning sun lighted for him a gladsome world; and in distant places, amid the shades of forest trees, on the sides of mountain rocks, along the streams of the cool pasture lands, in city streets where men were passing, and in homes and halls of friendly gathering,— everywhere he saw Mirth playing, and seemed to hear a call to hasten on.

Service likewise journeyed, but his step was slow and firm. Yet I saw that his face was lighted by a sweet, rich smile. And I mused upon the happiness of the beginning of this search. And, as I mused, I thought of the innumerable lives that had begun as they. And I mourned for the lives that,

ever seeking happiness, thought themselves never to have found it. And then I thought of the passion this desire for happiness is, and of its importance in life. And some philosophers seemed to come close to me, urging me to accept their thought that happiness is the end of Being. And with them came some saints who urged that blessedness is a higher state than happiness. And I seemed to hear the voice of Religion cry: "Happiness is of the earth: forego it! Bliss is of heaven: so live as to find it!" And then the Spirit of Truth came near, and whispered: "Happiness is God's gift to those who do his bidding. Bliss is likewise of the earth when we have earned a blessing." And I looked to see the travellers. And I saw Enjoyment far away, rushing from one scene to another, glad for a moment in the pursuit of a new condition, then sad at not finding happiness in it. From place to place he went, ever seeking change; and each place brought but momentary pleasure, and then he passed on. I saw his face lighted up with the hope of finding what he sought. And his step was strong.

And I looked for Service, and found him slowly journeying from the eastern light, going with it toward its evening goal. And, as I watched, I saw him pause to speak kind words to the weary, and then hurry on to pluck some fruit by the wayside to feed some hungry poor. A cup of cold water he gave to a thirsty child, and hurried onward with the day. I saw him kneel by a bedside where suffering lay, and the love-tone of his prayer quieted an aching heart. And on he went, sometimes leading an orphan child, sometimes guiding a youth, sometimes hand in hand with fallen virtue, helping with his strength the feeble step of Degradation. And he disappeared behind the clouds of sin only to emerge the more radiant in his purity, guiding some sinner on. And wherever he went there was a new light. A ray of love went out to a hating world. There was a gentle light of purity there to lure the wayward back to life. And in the lighted pathway that remained where he had passed I saw men, women, and children gather, wondering that they had not seen the beauty of the world before. And I said, "Surely, Service makes others happy; but one who works so hard, feeding the hungry, comforting the sad, and lifting the fallen, shall not be able to find happiness on the earth." And a Thought-voice questioned, "What is happiness?" And again I mused, calling to mind all the different thoughts of different people about what they would need to make them happy. And I thought of those who possessed what they had wished for, and now wished for more; and of those who had desired, and had not realized their desire. And I wondered if happiness really exists. And long I mused, until I thought again of the searchers for happiness, and turned to seek the two whose life was now my lesson. And, as I looked, I found that the day was nearly spent; for the sun was resting on the western hill, ready to give its good-night kiss to city towers and country tree-tops. And I beheld the two travellers journeying near the sun.

Enjoyment had visited many lands. Through every clime he had wandered. The joy of life he had indulged in. Mirth he had courted, wedded, and laid away. He was weary from much journeying. And I saw the wrinkles of disappointment on his brow. And the faint smile that lighted his face was the smile we see on the face of the hopeless. And toward the sun he journeyed, alone, with disappointed memories.

And I saw Service, who, too, was old, whose shoulders toil had stooped, whose brow thoughtfulness had creased with many wrinkles, but whose face was lighted with a deep, sweet smile of love and triumph. Through the world he had travelled, seeing little of the lands through which he had passed, enjoying few changes, revelling with few friends. But much of human life had he witnessed. And through effort to help his fellow-men he had seen into the great Heart of Humanity, and through it into the greater Soul of All. And love was the light of his pathway. And wherever he had been there the heavens seemed to have descended to the earth. And he heard the sweet songs of the angels who hovered near the sorrowing and the love-words of those who knew the true. Around him had gathered the thankful. And near him were the joyous redeemed. And, as he journeyed toward the sun, great hearts came with him, and the sweet voices of children spoke of his goodness. And the sun crept lower and

lower over the hill. And at last night came. And out of the night the voice of Truth spoke, saying: "All life is thus. With doing, pleasure comes. And the only way to happiness is by living through the unhappy. Blessedness comes to those who give blessings. Happiness shall be theirs who make for themselves the conditions of happiness." LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

Pomona, Cal.

CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, ANN ARBOR, MICH., JAN. 11, 1892, BY JUDGE WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN.

Nearly thirty years ago I spent an evening with two gentlemen in Sacramento, Cal., one of whom, Charles B. Porter,—at that time a member of the California Senate,—had formerly lived in Taunton, Mass., and the other, C. G. W. French,—afterward a federal judge in Arizona,—had come to California in the early days from Boston or Cambridge. It was about the time that Thomas Starr King had arrived on the Pacific Coast, and was electrifying the people there with his wonderful eloquence. In the course of the conversation, Porter remarked, "Everybody seems to be going wild over Starr King; but he is not nearly so great a man, and not nearly so great a preacher, as my old pastor at Taunton, Charles H. Brigham." "What! Charles H. Brigham, the Unitarian minister?" said French. "Why, he and I were students together at Harvard, and I knew him well." I have not forgotten the enthusiasm with which Porter referred to his former pastor at Taunton. He told how he came to that old church a young man fresh from college and the divinity school, and preached there with growing popularity and influence for more than twenty years; he told how the church had given him leave of absence for a year without loss of salary to travel in the Old World, and he described the charming letters which he sent home every week to be read to his Sunday-school,—letters which described his visits to the familiar places of Europe, his journey down the Danube, to the Black Sea, to Constantinople and Athens, up the Nile, across the desert with a caravan to Jerusalem, Damascus, Baalbec, thence to Beyroot, and home; letters which became literally worn out by reading as they passed from hand to hand among the members of his congregation. Then he told how Mr. Brigham's vast knowledge had made him a sort of living encyclopædia for the whole region round, how the moral tone and literary taste of that community had been stimulated and elevated by his splendid sermons, and how hearts had been softened and melted by the tender and touching pathos of his prayers.

Then French described him as a student at Harvard. He stood at the head of his class as a scholar, and was a favorite of President Walker and some of his professors, but was never popular with his student associates. He took no part in student sports. As he possessed a marvellous memory, and was an omnivorous reader, and seemed to know everything, and lacked the delicate tact necessary to secure popularity in such cases, his student associates got the impression that he was conceited and egotistical.

When I came to Ann Arbor to reside, I learned that one Charles H. Brigham was preaching in the Unitarian church here; and it occurred to me at once that it must be the same man I had heard my California friends eulogize in the capitol at Sacramento years before. I made myself known to him, and inquired if he had ever been acquainted with a man in California by the name of Charles B. Porter. "I know him well," he replied. "He used to be a teacher in my Sunday-school at Taunton." "Did you ever know one C. G. W. French?" I asked. "Yes," he said laughing. "I knew French: Latin was his hobby. Some of us students used to go to his room evenings, and French would stretch himself out on his back on his bed, and, shutting his eyes, repeat the 'Odes of Horace' by the hour."

From this time forth, for more than eight years, I was a constant attendant morning and evening at the old Unitarian church, on the corner of Fourth and Ann Streets, whenever Mr. Brigham occupied the pulpit; and to have listened to his preaching for eight years was almost equivalent to a liberal education. He possessed vast treasures of knowledge, and it was all at his command. He possessed a rare literary taste, and was

master of a clean, clear, crisp literary style. He was a profound critic of painting and music. He possessed great descriptive powers. He would occasionally weave into his sermons a comparison or illustration drawn from some of the great pictures which he had seen and studied in the Old World; and, under the magic power of his facile pen, you could almost see the delicate flush of warm blood suffuse the pale cheek in the sad and pensive face of some celebrated Madonna, or he would almost seem to give vitality and voice to the striding giants which Michel Angelo painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Brigham was intellectually honest,—a much rarer virtue than mere personal honesty in our dealings with our fellow-men. He was utterly free from all prejudice or uncharitableness toward those whose religious opinions differed from his own. Although the most rigid of Protestants, he was impartially just and generous in his appreciation of the merits and virtues of the great saints and heroes of the Roman Catholic Church; and he had a curious love or respect for the antique ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages.

I remember the first sermon I heard him preach: it was on the subject of prayer, and was written in the beautiful spirit of those lines of Coleridge which he repeated at the close of his sermon:—

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast;
> For he hath offered to the Lord
> Who giveth to his least.
>
> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear Lord who loveth us
> He made and loveth all."

And I remember well his last sermon on a sultry and oppressive evening in May nearly fifteen years ago. Some of us observed that he walked up the aisle and on to the platform with a weary gait, that he made mistakes in giving out the hymns, and stumbled and hesitated in the service as he had never done before. Mr. Brigham was a very exact and methodical man. The large Bible which lay upon the old desk of the church had a wide satin ribbon book-mark, with a cross embroidered in red silk upon the end. He had been in the habit for years, at the close of his sermon, of closing the Bible, placing it exactly in the centre of the desk, and arranging that book-mark so that the end would hang down in front of the pulpit, displaying the cross. At the close of that sermon, he shut the book and tried to arrange the mark in the old familiar way. He could not do it. His hand was no longer the obedient servant of his will. He seemed to realize his condition. A pitiful shadow fell upon his face. A blood-vessel had burst in his brain. At the close of the service he could not find the familiar way to his room. He persisted in going in the opposite direction. It was the beginning of the end.

I spent an afternoon with him at his home before he was removed to the residence of his sister in Brooklyn, and he seemed to be entirely changed from the grave and serious man I had known before. His mind seemed to dwell entirely upon the days and scenes of his youth and early manhood: he repeated several old college songs, and laughed heartily as he recounted the jokes and tricks of his fellow-students at Harvard. He referred in a touching way to his old parishioners at Taunton who had so kindly received him, an inexperienced youth, as their pastor, and for more than twenty years, while he remained among them, reposed in him an ever-increasing confidence and trust. He is still held in loving remembrance by the old inhabitants in Taunton, and it was in grateful honor to his memory that they placed the organ in this church. As he had loved Taunton, so he loved Ann Arbor. He came here intending to remain but a single year, but became much attached to the place, and in his last sickness often expressed the hope in his letters to me that he might soon be able to resume the work here which he loved so well. That was not to be. As the founder of this society and the guide and instructor of hundreds of young men during the twelve years of his pastorate here,—men now filling influential positions in all the walks of life,—his influence must go on widening through the coming years. The extent and power of that influence can scarcely be measured by the imagination, much less by words. One can hardly visit any prosperous town in the vast region stretching from these lakes westward to the Pacific without finding some man honored and influential in his community who will say that it was

a Unitarian pastor in Ann Arbor who lifted from his mind and conscience and heart the horrible and unbearable load of that cruel *theology* which has come down to us from the dark ages of the past, and put in its place that sweet and inspiring *religion* of him "whose yoke was easy and whose burden was light,"—a religion of which Charles H. Brigham was a wise, worthy, and faithful teacher.

When the final end came at the home of his sister in Brooklyn, N.Y., those who knew him intimately could well have used toward him the words which Tennyson applied to his dead friend:—

"The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

"And led him through the blissful climes,
And showed him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times."

ANOTHER DAY.

Another day of beauty,
Green earth and joyous sun;
Another day of duty,
Some dreaded task begun;
Another day of heeding
The care we would not slight;
Another day of pleading
For grace to walk in light.

Another day of hoping
For joys so oft denied;
Another day of coping
With adverse wind and tide;
Another day of giving
To higher calls our best;
Another day of living
For labor and for rest.

EDWARD FOSTER TEMPLE.

MOZUMDAR ON THE RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

A recent number of the *Indian Messenger* of Calcutta contains an extended report of a very able and interesting lecture given in September last by Babu P. C. Mozumdar, on the distinguished Indian scholar and reformer, Rajah Rammohun Roy, founder of the Brahmo-Somaj, or "Church of God," in India. Few foreigners coming to this country have ever made a more favorable impression, at least among Unitarians, than did Mr. Mozumdar when he was here a few years ago. And certainly there is no religious movement in the world outside the lines of distinct Christianity in which Unitarians feel a deeper interest than they do in the Brahmo-Somaj.

The following is the substance of Mr. Mozumdar's lecture:—

"In the name and in the spirit of that Great Holy God, the One without a second, whose worship was established in this benighted land by Rajah Rammohun Roy, I welcome you all in the sacred act of giving honor to his memory. They say that in the Alpine and Himalayan valleys the great rivers of ice known by the name of glaciers move slowly, so slowly that none can perceive their moving,—move slowly, but surely, in their destined course, till at last, in the course of nature's law, they break down into the depths below, with a crash that is heard for hundreds of miles around. The forces of nature often typify the forces of man; and, as is the progress of these ice rivers, so is the progress of human society. During the little more than half a century that has passed since Rajah Rammohun Roy lived and labored, his country and his countrymen have moved on surely, though somewhat slowly, their movement being now and then perceived by the breaking out of social reform, and reform in religion. There was a time when Rajah Rammohun Roy was the most abused and most unpopular man in the country; but now we, his followers and admirers, have assembled here and in other parts of the country to do honor to his memory, and now his name is a household word in every Hindu family. In the borderlands of India, in places like Peshawar and Sindh, saints and Sadhus are worshipped in common. The Rajah lived not so very long ago, but within half a century the Hindus, Christians, and Mohammedans have forgotten their religious differences to honor him. This unanimous testimony proves the genuine worth of the man.

"The leading feature of Rajah Rammohun Roy's character was his wonderful intelligence. He prefigured the future intelligence of his countrymen. He studied Sanskrit at Benares, Arabic and Persian at Patna, and English by his own individual efforts. But his intelligence was religious.

In religion he found the highest exercise of his mental powers. But, if his intelligence was religious, his religion was also intelligent. He was in no sense an unbeliever, but he was also in no sense a bigot. His intelligence, when compared with that of some of his later countrymen, I am sorry to say, presents a sad contrast. Some of our intellectual men think religion beneath their thought, and are in their lives and conduct no better than infidels. Not so was Rajah Rammohun Roy. The religious character of his intelligence, or, if I may be permitted to say, the intelligent character of his religion, led him first of all into the deep study of the religion of his country. Our religious stimulus generally comes from foreign sources; and only when we have attained our religious majority, so to say, do we see our mistake, and find when too late that what we had hated at first are true objects of respect and veneration. At Benares, which is similar to Oxford in the matter of religious toleration as well as religious bigotry, Rajah Rammohun Roy drank from the purest sources of Hindu teaching. Here it was also, however, that he learned to disbelieve in popular errors and superstitions. He translated the Upanishads into Bengali; and these opened before modern Hindus a new world. Since then the Vedas and Upanishads have been the authority of all Hindu reformers, religious as well as social. The Brahmo-Somaj for some time cared for nothing but the Upanishads. But, as his religion was an intelligent religion, he read the scriptures of other religions also. The study of these convinced him of the harmony of all religions. He had already found that ancient India worshipped the one true God. He found the same truth in the religious books of the Mohammedans. He then read the Bible, and published the 'Precepts of Jesus,' which he called the guide to peace and happiness. It is now easy to speak highly of Christianity and Christ. It was not so then. It required moral courage then to publish the 'Precepts of Jesus' as the guide to peace and happiness. Christ was then to the Rajah's countrymen something like what Satan is to the Christians. Into the study of Christianity Rajah Rammohun Roy went deeply and devoutly; and he was convinced that the worship of the man Christ was the result of prejudice. It confirmed and completed his monotheism.

"Was Rajah Rammohun Roy only an intellect? Was he only a mass of brains? Was he only a logical machine? No. He had a heart also, he was devout in his way, he had religious feelings. The peculiarity of his religion was his deep sense of the unreality of the world, and his deep sense of the reality of search after God. All the hymns which are so well known to Bengal have for their burden *worldly life is vain, all is vain, only the attainment of God avails.*

"Rajah Rammohun Roy was a reformer in the best sense of the word. He wanted to remake what he had found to be broken around him in form of beliefs, usages, and social institutions. He wanted to *remake*, to *reform*, society from the broken fragments of the social life he found. He was a religious reformer, but he was at the same time a political reformer. He was also a social and educational reformer. As in his religion, so in his character as a reformer, there was the principle of harmony. Another characteristic was the national spirit of his reforms. He was opposed to the inhuman practice of burning a widow with her dead husband; but his reform was based on the authority of Hindu writings and Hindu instincts. Whenever he spoke of social or religious progress, he spoke as a Hindu. He was a great advocate of female education; but, if he were now living, he would never approve of the Europeanizing of our women. That he was not a rigid believer in caste, was proved beyond a doubt by the fact of his going to England. He had retained, however, his sacred thread up to the last. I cite this instance not to advise men to stick to their Brahminical thread, but to prove that his spirit, radical as it was, was national to the last day of his life. Nations have distinctive features and complexions like individuals. As an attempt to eradicate one's natural features and complexion by artificial means is ridiculous, so is also an attempt to do away with a nation's primitive instincts and peculiar gifts by the introduction of foreign ideas and usages. It is always necessary and desirable to preserve national and primitive impulses and add to them from every source, whether domestic or foreign.

"Lastly, Rajah Rammohun Roy was a very

active and powerful man of the world. He believed in endeavor, in energy, in ceaseless industry. He was like the primitive Rishis of India, always active. The Rishis were religious men, but inaction formed no part of their religion. They were profoundly pious, but they also tilled their lands, tended their cattle, fought their battles, and ruled their enemies. The Rajah was a man of the world and a man of God at the same time. He was not a slave of the world, certainly, but he worked in the world for the good of his fellow-men. To whatever he gave attention, he was always thorough, practical, and hard-working. While a boy of only fourteen or fifteen, he wandered away for six years, crossed the Himalayas, and went to Thibet. He returned home at about the age of twenty. Who travelled so much as he? Who wrote so much as he? Who argued so much as he? Who studied so much as he? Who struggled so much as he? and, perhaps, speaking of his time, no one prayed so much as he.

"All great men are said to be born in advance of their times. If that is true, Rajah Rammohun Roy was indeed born ahead of his time. His countrymen did not understand him, and consequently they persecuted him. He bore his persecutions calmly. We now understand him; and we all, with our many differences in religious views, love and honor his memory. Rest assured no man can be a true reformer unless he has faith in God. A reformer, be he a religious reformer, or social, or political, should have sympathy for all other kinds of reform. The Rajah was a prophet of political harmony between the two races, also a prophet of social harmony. Let us, then, make up our differences and follow his footsteps in all matters."

ORIENTAL APOTHEGMS.

PARAPHRASED BY ALFRED FREE.

A diamond may be trodden under foot,
And glass be worn in diadem;
But still the glass is only glass,
The diamond is not less a gem.
—*Sanskrit.*

Thy body is a chariot,
Thyself the charioteer;
Thy passions are the horses:
Hold hard, and have no fear!
—*Persian.*

He who is devoid of sense,
Can the Shastra make him wise?
What can a mirror do for him
Who hath lost his eyes?
—*Sanskrit.*

Patience is the key to joy. Wait! Do not repine.
See, the grape sap slowly mounteth into wine,
And the mulberry's green leafage on the tree
Is the silk and satin that shall be.
—*Turkish.*

A well may not be filled with dew,
And corn-flowers are not fruitful ears;
And plants of learning must be wet
With rain of tears.
—*Sanskrit.*

How easy 'tis for one to say,
"Your route is wrong: that's clear as day!"
For, when the carriage breaks, to all 'tis known
Which road the driver should have gone.
—*Turkish.*

THE REV. R. RODOLPH SUFFIELD.

The news of the death of Mr. Suffield recalls to our memory a striking figure, a distinct personality, a man who left the Roman Catholic church in England some years ago to ally himself with the Unitarians, where he made a marked impression upon our brethren.

Mr. Suffield's father was a Roman Catholic, but he believed that young people should not be influenced in their religious belief, but should select their religion at a ripe age. His son entered at Cambridge, attended chapel there, pondered religious questions, and finally, of his own accord, went to St. Sulpice in Paris, and was ordained a priest, in 1850. He devoted himself for twenty years or more to the work of the Roman Catholic church, being for a time among a company of missionary priests, who preached everywhere in parishes and retreats, so that he was known for his fervor all over England.

When doubts of the infallibility of the pope and the Bible came to him, he sought refuge in silence, prayer, and fasting. The answer at length came to him. "He came out," he says, "from his church, leaving all he valued on earth, a stranger, almost a pauper among strangers. The church of England had honor and influence for him. He passed by her invitation, to ally himself with the

smallest of all the Protestant denominations. There was no scope for distinction there; but he found what was more precious, what he missed in all other churches,—the right of free thought and reverent acknowledgment of the natural instinct of worship."

Through the help of Dr. Martineau he secured a parish in Croydon, where he remained seven years. While there, he assisted in founding the "Liberal Social Union" in London, at whose gatherings many intellectual and influential religious minds were brought together, as seen by the reports in the *Inquirer* for several years past, which many of us have read. He afterward went to Reading, where he soon was enlisted in public as well as parish work, and was active on temperance committees, charity boards, and in the University Extension movement, besides forming the "Literary and Scientific Society." He was on the most friendly terms with Mr. Gladstone, and held correspondence with him. He says to Dr. Martineau, in reviewing his past career: "I saw only two alternatives,—the religion of Rome or the religion of nature, of the soul, of the universe, either a religion denouncing all or embracing all. If the Roman Catholic church is not the special church of God, then the whole of humanity must be my church. Either does Revelation speak through the Roman Catholic church or it speaks through all religions, all souls, all nature."

In 1871 Mr. Suffield married the daughter of Edward Branley, Esq., solicitor of Sheffield, "who became," he says, "my wife and the joyful companion of twenty years."

The editor of the London *Sun* writes some very tender words of his early friend, "Father Suffield," as they called him in the Catholic Retreat. He says: "During a Retreat you are expected to keep silent, go to chapel several times a day, and hear about death and the wrath to come, which is rather trying to restless boys. But, when Father Suffield came, all was changed. The boys hung on every word he said. He seemed to love them all. Laughter was in his eye, and love and sympathy in his beautiful voice. Whenever he reached any height of eloquence, his small figure seemed to rise into magnificence."

We have never heard much said of Mr. Suffield's sermons, but it seems as though men who leave old and more emotional churches for the Unitarian body are inclined to go to the other extreme of rationalism when they come over to us. We got this impression of Mr. Suffield; but doubtless his parishioners knew to the contrary, and we are very glad to hear this testimony from his Roman Catholic pupil.

During his illness overtures were made to him by Cardinal Manning and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth. He received kindly the visits of two priests on his death-bed, but he never thought of returning to his old faith.

The Rev. Charles Hargrove (Unitarian) at the funeral service said, among other things: "Twenty years of his life were spent in zeal for the Roman Catholic church, and twenty years in the Unitarian ministry; yet he was not two men, but one and the same. Truthfulness and earnestness characterized his whole life. . . . Among Unitarians he lived, worked, and died, bearing without a murmur suspicion and contempt, being fully persuaded, peaceful and satisfied to the end. The last words he said to me were, 'Yours forever in God.' It is even so, for in God nothing is lost."

Martha Perry Lowe.
Somerville, Mass.

A NEW BOSTON PHILANTHROPY.

The latest philanthropy, named for the eminent author and divine, Dr. Bartol, is an institution recently established for the accommodation of young women students who come to the city in order to obtain those educational advantages for which Boston is eminently distinguished.

Recognizing the many limitations and disadvantages under which the homeless student struggles, as well as the insidious temptations that encompass her path, Mr. Albert Murdock, with characteristic energy, foresight, and generosity, has converted his large and handsome building into a real home for such students, where every comfort, even luxury, will be found at a cost less than that paid at common boarding houses. The building is a large and handsome stone structure, standing at the corner of Gainsborough Street and Huntington Avenue. It has accommodations for one

hundred and fifty students, with several halls, parlors, music-rooms, etc.

But, first of all, it must be understood this is in no sense a charity, nor is it allied in the most remote degree with eleemosynary institutions. The idea of being in any way the recipient of "charity" is most repugnant to the pride of the high-spirited girl, and this feeling often stands in the way of her availing herself of the comforts of the so-called homes for whose support public sympathy is often invoked. The Bartol is expected to be self-sustaining in every respect. By a careful estimate of ways and means and strict economy of space every foot of the beautiful and commodious building has been converted into profit. Nor has this been done with a view to self-interest, for Mr. Murdock generously devotes the surplus income derived from the institution to the benefit of the student herself. Every one who remains a year at the Bartol becomes by virtue of that fact a partner, and is entitled to a share of the revenue derived therefrom. If ill, the expense is drawn from this source.

One cannot fail to be greatly impressed with the thoughtful care and foresight that seem to anticipate every requirement of a place devoted to the well-being of those for whom so much has been provided. Everything is systematized, even to the special adaptation of the students one to another in the allotment of room-mates, though personal sympathy and attraction are by no means overlooked. With perfect comfort and ease the house will accommodate one hundred and fifty students. Most of the rooms are in suites, each bedroom opening into a small parlor of its own. Some of the larger rooms are arranged with screens, enclosing a space devoted to a sitting-room, giving it quite the air of a separate apartment. Board is quite separate from the rent of rooms, which is an excellent arrangement, as the student is at liberty, if more convenient, to lunch near her school or studio or master, as may be, though lunches are provided at a nominal cost to those who choose to carry them. Regular meals are provided at a cost of four dollars for twenty-one tickets, making the cost per meal nineteen and a half cents. Lunch is provided at a small cost. The dinner, breakfast, and lunch rooms are separate and distinct, lending variety even to the monotonous duties of the table.

The price of rooms ranges from $1.50 to $3.50 per week. For $3.50 a week each, two girls can command a prettily furnished suite, entirely new, consisting of parlor and bedroom, with ample closets, both rooms lighted and heated. For $2.00 a week each, two girls will occupy one large room, each having her own separate bed. For $1.50 each, four girls will have separate beds in large and spacious rooms, averaging 20 to 35 feet, affording space for a screen partitioned parlor. In addition to their rooms, all spacious, lighted and heated, the students have the privilege of five large general rooms: a parlor, with a seating capacity of 250 people, decorated with an old style of English frieze, bearing the names of celebrated painters, musicians, poets, and prose writers; a large reading-room that easily accommodates 100 at a time; a music-room twice its size; and smaller sitting-rooms, where friends can meet and pass the time in a manner most agreeable to themselves.

To avoid the frequent ascent of the stairs, closets, numbered and locked, are provided for walking garments of those occupying the higher rooms. Indeed, the thoughtfulness that has provided for all actual and possible wants is notable. The spacious roof provides a veranda high above surrounding buildings, where books, chats, and even dancing may be enjoyed in the cool air of the evening. The whole house is heated and ventilated at the same time by a draught of fresh air drawn from the roof down a shaft to the basement, where it is passed over 6,500 feet of steam-pipes, giving a temperature of 70 degrees, which is forced by immense blowers into every room of the house.

Aside from the arrangement for the physical well-being, the intellectual and moral culture is amply provided for. One of the mottoes decorating the frieze of the reception-room is this:

"It is not only necessary to know how to do a thing, but also necessary to be able to do it." One's acquirements are vain unless one can put them to practical use, and this is greatly or wholly a matter of practice. Many a young student carrying off the honors of her class from all competitors, when confronted by her own family and friends

finds herself, to their chagrin and her own surprise and mortification, unable to control her faculties, is seized with "stage fright," all from want of being accustomed to the presence of an audience. This most necessary and valuable discipline of the mind has been provided for in a series of public receptions to be held on each Wednesday evening during the term. The hour of social receptions will be from 6.30 to 7.30 P.M., to which the student can invite her friends. At 7.30 there will be a concert in the music-room, at which there will be vocal and instrumental music and elocution by various students engaged in the most charming study, and at the conclusion of the concert there will be dancing and other social entertainments in the parlor till eleven o'clock, when good-night will be said. A small admission fee of ten cents will be paid; and the sum thus created will be devoted to the care of any who may be sick at any time, and any residue will be divided among all the students of the house.

Religious services will be held in Music Hall each Sunday evening, when clergymen of different denominations will be, by vote of the boarders, invited to officiate, the girls furnishing the music. Ladies distinguished in moral and educational reform will also be asked to address the students. Such will be the guests of the Bartol, a suite of rooms being especially devoted to their use while in Boston.

Altogether, the Bartol is unique in the history of public institutions, both as regards its peculiar function and in the admirable arrangement, management, and local environment. Boston may number this new aspirant to public honors among her justly celebrated institutions that draw alike from every quarter.— *Boston Journal.*

A POET PREACHER.

"In virtue of the close affinity, perhaps ultimate identity, of religion and poetry, preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations."— *Dr. James Martineau.*

These eloquent words of the great Unitarian might stand to-day for an epitome of the preaching of the greatest of American Broad churchmen, recently become the Bishop of Massachusetts, from the time of his earliest ministry in Philadelphia until now.

Never, perhaps, has this union of preaching with poetry been better exemplified than in Dr. Brooks's sermons, especially in those days, a generation ago, when the old-fashioned, heavy style of pulpit oratory prevailed almost everywhere, and neither ritualism, on the one hand, nor liberalism in Orthodoxy, on the other, had begun to extend their widely differing welcome to unsatisfied souls. And to many, perhaps beginning life with a secret store of spiritual longings shyly hidden from their elders, hearing little save worn-out, well-meant platitudes in their own churches, yet pining after some living words of counsel or encouragement, his sermons, heard from time to time, seemed like a cheering bugle-blast, whose call still echoes across the gulf of years.

We have elsewhere spoken of those stirring services in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, when the sympathetic power of the preacher held its magnetic sway over the vast audience. The High church party, as might have been expected, were reluctant to admire Dr. Brooks, and denounced the broadness of his views, admitting that he was eloquent, but stigmatizing him as "unsound." Elderly persons often called his notions "wild." Democrats and Southern sympathizers, during the great war, abused him for his manly black Republicanism, and spoke of him with ridicule. To his friends the only real fault to be found with his preaching was that, as we used to say nearly thirty years ago, "his imagination runs away with him now and then." Poetic flights carry him into an ideal region where, for the time, we rejoice in a new heaven and a new earth. He draws beautiful pictures of human life and character, which we feel are beyond the range of possibility. He loves to inculcate what to some colder natures appears to be a Quixotic degree of self-sacrifice. He is not merely optimistic, but Utopian; he seems to have a vein of Transcendentalism underlying his strong New Englandism, always poetic, always delightful to listen to, yet often betraying him into extravagances that we feel must be toned down by our own reason

in estimating his sermons, when the charm of reading or listening to them is over.

Hans Andersen says, "A poet can make soup out of a sausage-stick." How fitly this might apply to the sometimes strangely chosen texts out of which Dr. Brooks's poetic skill drew forth a world of beauty and spiritual meaning that no one had imagined them to be capable of, as when he gave out the somewhat singular words, "Have salt in yourselves, and be at peace with others!"

It was an eloquent plea on behalf of the right sort of self-assertion; of the earnest, resolute carrying out of life's true plan; and of the peace to be won by self-respecting steadfastness, as opposed to the old-fashioned sentimentalisms of universal concession and "anything for a quiet life." After defining "salt" to signify character and determination, adding, "But, some will say, is not this the way to be at war with others?" he drew that picture of a manly, righteous independence which might stand to-day for the very key-note of his own career.

From "The voice of the Lord crieth in the city," he set forth the higher opportunities of town life, in contrast with the old ideas of rustic peace and slowness being more favorable to spiritual growth. The young rejoiced to hear the unrest and unsatisfactoriness of human existence expressed from, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest," with its concluding description of a future state where, in the highest activity, the soul should find its true rest. And the young, not irreverently, but with amused sympathy, were quick to notice how, as he grew more eager, he kept saying "as it seems to me," so that they could not help counting how often he said it, and would keep tossing back his head, with an apparently unconscious tugging at his shirt collar. Still under thirty then, he had a certain look of genial boyishness about him that attracted youthful minds, glad to hear his plea for the so often harshly judged period of immaturity in his sermon on "Your young men shall see visions." When dwelling on the story of Peter's escape from prison, he said that, though the prison-gates opened of themselves, yet, when Peter reached his friend's house, he had to seek entrance unaided, finding more trouble therein than in quitting the jail; and that we, too, may often find that some heavy door of difficulty may seem to open of itself, some sore perplexity to unravel as though by miracle, while yet a comparatively slight barrier remains unbroken. And he said that, if, after bravely struggling against the limitations of our lot, we still found ourselves unable to surmount them, we must resign ourselves to believing that we were meant "to serve God within the prison," whatever it might be; and drew the picture of a manly resignation, with a soldier's spirit standing firmly and uncomplainingly at our posts.

A soldier's spirit, called forth, as all will remember, during the long Civil War, was that of the great preacher; and it rang manfully throughout his Lenten lectures of 1865, on "The Whole Armor of God." When he came to the words "having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," he said that the greatest dangers to the spiritual life lay, not in the agony of some sharp crisis, in the hour when it seemed as if the dark hosts of hell lay in wait to assault us, and the soul grew ready for the strife, but in those weary, languid seasons of moral torpor, when we feel worn out, not by hard conflict, but the endless plodding over life's dusty road. It is not the battle which kills the soldier so often as the hardships of his campaign; and he defined the text as meaning the strengthening faith in the watchful care of God; for, if once a man thinks that God does not care for him, the safeguard of his spirit is lost. When he spoke upon that often treated theological mystery of "sin against the Holy Spirit," he gave a clear, rational, forcible, and yet poetic explanation of it, as signifying no mysterious dogma meant to torture the uncomprehending soul. He said it was the wilful closing of our own hearts to the entrance of God's influence, the deliberate shutting out of heaven's light, which alone could remove us from the hope of that salvation which means, not escaping hell, but rising into the region of spiritual well-being which brings happiness.

How much, did space permit, could be quoted, in broken fragments, from the memories of those utterances of a generation ago! His patriotic Thanksgiving Day sermon in 1863 (soon printed under the title of "Our Mercies of Reoccupation") aroused

so much bitterness among the Democrats that one of the leading "Copperheads" gave up his pew in Holy Trinity, and, with his family, sought refuge in another church. The story ran that, his former pew being offered for sale, some of his friends, passing by Holy Trinity Church one evening, affixed this jest upon the door: —

> "A pew there is for sale within,
> To no one but an Afrikin;
> And, lest its owner should be sold,
> It must be paid net cash in gold."

If not sound enough in the eyes of High churchmen, Dr. Brooks was yet too strict now and then for the young, who complained that he was too fond of denouncing "the follies and frivolities of fashionable society"; and one young girl, afterward most active in the congregation, said he made such a talk in his confirmation lectures about giving up the world that she thought she should never join the church. Perhaps in those days the gulf supposed to exist between the church and the world was wider than it is now. The young were then too much inclined to hang back from confirmation and the communion table out of very slight scruples and vague dread, thereby losing the help to be gained by Christian fellowship when they perhaps needed it most. Dr. Brooks was certainly not a man to try to throw obstacles in their path. "Christianity," as he so often said,— "Christianity means only one thing,— loyalty to Jesus Christ."

In a recent number of the *Churchman* it appears that one of Dr. Brooks's sins in the eyes of the High churchmen (cited relative to Father Hall's recall to England) lay in the fact that he on some occasion, presumably the consecration of Trinity Church, not only invited several Unitarian clergymen to be present, but permitted them to partake of the sacrament with the rest of the assembled clergy. This being brought to the notice of Bishop Paddock, he took upon himself the responsibility of the whole ordering of the ceremony, practically exonerating Dr. Brooks. To all liberal minds, this wise and kindly conduct, both of Dr. Brooks and his then bishop, requires no excuse; and we merely smile, recollecting the storm let loose upon Dean Stanley when he allowed a Unitarian member of the revisers of the New Testament to communicate in Westminster Abbey, absurdly called the "Westminster scandal." In this connection we are reminded of a story, current about 1863–64, that a young Unitarian lady, being at Dr. Brooks's church one Sunday, and hearing him, as usual, conclude his communion address by inviting any strangers present to remain to the sacrament, took him at his word, and remained. This being brought to his knowledge, he was said to have written to her, remonstrating with her, and adding that, if she again ventured to present herself, he must pass her by. He was also said to have called upon her, and discussed the matter, whereupon she defended herself with such ability, taking her stand upon the fact that he had invited every one, that he, although not convinced, said it was wonderful that a girl of her age could argue so well. Some years later, when a very distinguished woman, then a Unitarian, though brought up in the church of England, asked him whether he would consider it his duty to refuse her the communion because her own opinions did not quite agree with the doctrines of the church, he replied that he would *not* feel bound to exclude her.

Before leaving Philadelphia, therefore, he had begun to broaden upon this subject, regarding which much might be said, best comprised in those eloquent words by the author of "John Inglesant" in his paper "The Agnostic at Church" in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1882. He is discussing the oft-mooted question as to how far a free thinker (he does not say an atheist or a materialist) ought to join in the services of the church of England, advising such, with his usual winning grace and gentleness, to claim their full privileges of membership, and gain whatever spiritual strength may be found, as for earnest seekers it may be always found, through her holiest rites.

"Looking into the future," he says, "I sometimes think I see a glorious church, which, without faltering in the announcement of what she conceives to be truth, gives her blessing with a kingly munificence, asking for nothing in return, and, leaving the result to the decision of the final assize, bestows her sacraments and benediction, like the divine gift of sunshine, upon all mankind alike. The Romish church has never risen to the 'height of this great argu-

ment'; and, if our own has approached nearer to it, it has been, I fear, often the result of the accident of its legal position. May she be able to achieve it more nearly in the future! otherwise the outlook, both for her and for the agnostic, I fear, is dark."

Thoughts like these, though often left unuttered for lack of sympathy or fear of scorn, are growing more and more abundant in our day; and it is for such men as Bishop Brooks, and the school of which he is the acknowledged head in this country, to help to pave the way for that free and glorious church of the future, so often dreamed of by us all, so often foreshadowed by the poet-preacher, and of which the poet-novelist above quoted so bravely and tenderly speaks. URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

"*THE CRISIS IN MORALS.*" *

In this compact volume Prof. Bixby gives us an unusually valuable contribution to the modern study of ethics.

There is a very agreeable freshness and vigor of thought admirably presented in a style so lucid and yet so rich that one is immediately led to conceive of the author as saturated with his subject, and allowing to escape into print only the essence of his own mental feast. To say there is not a dull page would be very insufficient, the real fact being that there is hardly a paragraph that does not provoke thought.

The critique of the Spencerian assumption—namely, that the moral sentiments are but products of the experience of usefulness, and that moral authority is therefore commensurate with the length of the line of inheritance—is a most useful statement of the inconsistencies of the utilitarian philosophy. Prof. Bixby, after giving in a marvel of condensation the Spencerian method, replies—unanswerably, it seems to us, and certainly with most weighty brevity—that antecedents are not necessarily *causes*. It is possible, he continues, that experience may have supplied the conditions by which the thoughts of man were so elevated that the eternal stars of moral truth, before below the horizon, at last came within the field of vision; but, because of this, we must not argue that the moral sentiments are the *product* of experience. One might as well say that, when father and grandfather, in the midst of a Fourth of July crowd, lift the young heir of the family upon their shoulders to see the fireworks, the pyrotechnic spectacle that bursts upon the boy's gaze is merely the product of their muscular strain.

Prof. J.H. Hyslop, noticing this work in the February *Andover Review*, thinks Prof. Bixby might have added strength to his argument if he had observed "Spencer's admission that pleasure is a means to the attainment of an end implies its subordinate character." This is a strong point; but let Prof. Hyslop turn to Chapter VI., p. 105, and he will find that Prof. Bixby has by no means overlooked it. Referring to Mr. Spencer's own admission that happiness is "insufficient as an ultimate end" ("Data of Ethics," p. 238), he shows not only the subordination of the idea of happiness, but the incongruity of setting up as an ultimate end that which is merely an "irregular incident, and provisional instrument."

We are surprised to find that most of the notices of this book—at least such as we have come across—have devoted the larger part of their consideration to the first chapters only, which deal exclusively with this criticism of Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics." Perhaps this is all the reviewers really read; but it seems to us that the closing chapters of the book (the last one hundred and thirty pages) are much the more striking, and evidently disclose the author's real purpose in choosing for the title of his work "The Crisis in Morals."

This crisis is in that stage of thought where the acceptation of the evolutionary method has toppled over the authority of the old system of ethics, and where there naturally follows a hesitation as to the new authority to be substituted. This part of the work is a vigorous constructive effort. Prof. Bixby attempts, in the field of ethics, to find the plane of scientific realism between the idealistic and the experimental philosophies. The old school of ethics, when asked why one ought not to hate or to lie, replied, "Because you ought not," and slammed the door in the face of the inquirer; but, if to-day, in pursuit of our authority, we are content to rest it simply on

*THE CRISIS IN MORALS. An Examination of Rational Ethics in the Light of Modern Science. By James T. Bixby, Ph.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol.

"accumulated experience," then Prof. Bixby well fears that the verdicts of conscience might cease to be authoritative and the sanctions of morality will be discredited.

It is the main purpose of this work, therefore, to show that the authority of the moral intuitions lies not in the experience through which they have been developed, but in the permanent structure of the universe itself. The reason man is moral is because he is a part of a moral universe. "Our moral intuitions are simply the unchanging laws of the universe that have emerged to consciousness in the human heart." If the solidarity of human life, with the infinite world-organism which is the manifestation of the Divine Life, is truly recognized, then the supreme authority of what we call the voice of conscience is at once apparent, and the dangerous crisis is passed for us.

The chapter upon the development of disinterestedness is remarkable for its originality and insight; and, indeed, we should like to dwell in detail upon each of the closing chapters; for the manner of presentation is attractive in every one. We feel very sure Prof. Bixby sounds the true note, and he sounds it clearly and with power; it is to be hoped it may be heard and appreciated far and wide. F. B. M.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

A few weeks ago we received a letter from a correspondent asking if we were quite sure that Daniel Webster was a Unitarian, and enclosing a personal statement of belief, Trinitarian in character, which purports to have been written out and signed at one time by Mr. Webster, as embodying his religious faith. Knowing that Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland, Cal., had investigated the whole matter, we sent to him our correspondent's letter, asking for a statement of the facts in the case. He replies as follows:

OAKLAND, CAL., Feb. 2, 1892.

Editor of the Unitarian:—

Every little while this ghost of Daniel Webster's early Orthodoxy rises from its grave, and hoarsely whispers comfort to the anxious Trinitarian mind. Just now it has been again resurrected, and is on its pilgrimage through evangelical newspapers.

Now, I care little for Mr. Webster as a witness for our faith. He was not a specially religious man, and we can fortunately find abundant and inspiring examples of Unitarian belief united with a corresponding life. But, in the interests of historical truth, this may be said: Daniel Webster, when a young man in New Hampshire, "joined the church," and signed the antiquated creed which has been referred to. He probably gave little deeper thought to the matter. It was a matter of emotion and moral sympathy with him rather than investigation and reason, as it is with most young people who join the church. Later on, when he removed to Boston, and began to think for himself and study the Unitarian controversy, then at its height in Boston, he deliberately joined himself with the Unitarian wing of New England Congregationalism, becoming a pew-holder, worshipper, and communicant at the Brattle Square (Unitarian) Church in Boston. I am happy to be able to furnish direct and convincing testimony on this point in a letter written me some years since by the late Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop, pastor of Brattle Square Church, whom I had addressed on the subject of Mr. Webster's belief. The letter was printed in full in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Oct. 28, 1880, and reprinted in the Boston *Transcript*. From this communication I will make a few extracts: "When I came to Boston in 1834," writes Dr. Lothrop, "to succeed Dr. Palfrey (who had himself succeeded Edward Everett in that pulpit), I found Mr. Webster a pew-owner, worshipper, and communicant at Brattle Square Church; and he continued so for many years,—in fact, so long as he continued to have a domicile or residence in the city. After his second marriage, his wife being an Episcopalian, he purchased or rented a pew in the Episcopal church in Boston, and sometimes went with her to that church part of the day, as she sometimes came with him to Brattle Square; but commonly, when in the city, Mr. Webster was at Brattle Square on Sunday morning. . . .

"Mr. Webster owned a pew at Brattle Square Church for more than thirty years, worshipped and communed there habitually, was occasionally present at meetings of the society, and took an interest in parish proceedings, regarded and treated the pastors of that church as his pastors, called upon them for any special religious administration required in his family, and even after he had sold his pew and relinquished his domicile in Boston; and only a very few years before his own death he summoned me, as the pastor of Brattle Square, 'his minister,' as he called me, to officiate at the funeral services of his son, Major Edward Webster."

I regret that I may not quote here more at length from this interesting letter. I know

that one of Mr. Webster's biographers, himself an ardent churchman, has tried to make out that he was a Trinitarian; but the facts point the other way. A good idea of his religious views may be found in his famous argument in the Girard college case, but there is not a word indicating orthodox leanings in it. His sympathies were with the now old-fashioned Unitarian doctrine of Channing and his contemporaries.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNITARIANISM.

At a meeting of the Unitarian society of Brattleboro, Vt., held Jan. 31, 1892, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas a bond of union which positively affirms our Christian principles and aims is felt to be necessary and helpful to the organic life of this society; and

"Whereas it is not for men or churches to pronounce judgment upon the belief or life of any person, since God only can see the heart; and

"Whereas it is our duty to welcome and help all those who are voluntarily drawn to share in our worship and our work,—therefore be it

"*Resolved*, (1) that we adopt the following as our Bond of Union, 'In the freedom of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of humanity'; and (2) that all who are in sympathy with us be invited to sanction this Bond of Union by personal assent to the same; and (3) that this Bond of Union is never to be interpreted as a means of testing Christian character nor of restraining mental liberty; and (4) that its public indorsement is to be considered solely as the expression of an earnest purpose to share the fellowship of this society, which is organized to maintain and advance the interests and influence of the religion of Jesus Christ as interpreted by Unitarians."

Our youth is like the morning, and we stand
Between the night of our unconscious childhood
And the world's monstrous battle, whose loud roar
Grows in our ears. Well, when we mix in it,
God keep us in his hand!

—*W. C. Roscoe.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

PRAYERS SELECTED FROM THE RECENTLY PUBLISHED VOLUME OF "HOME PRAYERS," BY JAMES MARTINEAU.

SUNDAY.

Spirit of spirits! Light of lights! who livest in all great and holy souls and shinest for us in the face of Jesus Christ! humble us with his lowly surrender unto thee, and incline us, with the simplicity of disciples sitting at his feet, to that good part which shall not be taken from us. Never may we turn our ear from the still, small voice in which thou art heard in the deep places of our souls; and, as we listen to it, may the noise of our passions be quieted and the voice of the charmer be unheeded, and our whole life and death become as an answer to thy call, "Yea, Lord, here am I!" May we decline no duty which thou sendest, fear no trial which thou appointest, grow cold in no affection which thou approvest! Fill us with all meekness and gentleness; with forbearance to the weak, lest we also be tempted; with pity for the suffering, seeing that we, too, dwell in houses of clay; with courage against temptation, since thou art on our side; with a spirit of praise and love amid our joys, remembering that we can receive nothing except it be given us of heaven; and with a blessed hope in death, befitting those whose life is hid with Christ in God. Amen.

MONDAY.

Eternal Spirit of our spirits! God of our wonder and our love! where art thou, that we may lay our cares to rest in thine infinitude? Thou passest by, and we see thee not; yet we turn our eyes to thee more than they that watch for the morning. We cannot find thee; yet we cannot leave thee. Our noblest life is rooted and grounded in thee, and we cannot tear ourselves away. And yet, O Lord, we have forgotten thee; and therefore our nature is poor, our faith is faint, and our hearts are parched up with cares. Still suffer us not to perish, as cumberers of the ground; but, O thou Well of Life, flow by, and give us hope that, at the scent of the living water, our branch may bud and our fruit be multiplied. O Thou who art and art to be, there are no seasons unto thee. But unto us thou hast appointed a set time upon the earth: our wasted hours we cannot gather up. Hasten us, even with thy chastisements, O thou Great Taskmaster, and say unto us, "Fulfil ye your works ere the sun goeth down." Remind us of thy servant Jesus, who in fewest days finished thy divinest work; and fill us with his spirit of holy alacrity. For time and for eternity we commit ourselves to thee, O thou God of the living in all worlds.

TUESDAY.

O Thou whose Word hath appeared, full of grace and truth, in our humanity, and in thy humiliation perfected the holiness of life! more and more let the same mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus, that we may divest ourselves of every claim, and look for no final peace without the cross. By a patient, loving, and trustful spirit, steadfast under evil and hopeful of all good, may we rise into ever nearer communion with thee; and then, in thine own best time, when we are purified by dews of thy grace on our repentance and prepared for the rest that remaineth, join us at length to the august and saintly company of thy redeemed.

Hear our suppliant cry, O Lord; and have regard to it, not by the measure of our deservings, but according to the fulness of thy mercy. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

O Searcher of hearts! thou knowest us better than we know ourselves, and seest the sins which our sinfulness hides from us. Yet even our own conscience beareth witness against us that we often slumber on our appointed watch, that we are drawn aside by sense and self from the straight and narrow way, that we walk not always lovingly with each other and humbly with thee, that we fear what is not terrible and wish what is not holy in thy sight, and withhold that entire sacrifice of ourselves to thy perfect will, without which we are not crucified with Christ or sharers in his redemption. Oh, look upon our contrition, and lift up our weakness, Father of exhaustless mercies! And let the dayspring yet arise within our hearts, and bring us healing, strength, and joy! Inspire us with divine faith, subdue us to the lowly patience, of those who have lived as fellow-workers with thee; and, whether thou call us to rejoice in spirit or to be sorrowful even unto death, may we still abide in thee, and remain without elevation and without despair.

THURSDAY.

O Thou whose infinite majesty looketh on us from the heavens and the earth, but whose grace and truth shine in the face of Jesus Christ, more and more soften thy great glory to us through the pure and tender light of his spirit, and enable us to trust thee with his trust, to love thee with his love, to be baptized for life with the baptism that he was baptized with, and drink in death the cup that he drank of. As thou didst dwell in him and bring thy consecration to our humanity, vouchsafe, O Lord, to abide with us and stay with us till eventide, that we may do all our works as in thy sight, and sweeten our temper with thy constant spirit, and quiet our sorrows with thine inward peace. In the turmoil of the world and the failure of our lower hopes, may we remember our real life which is hid with thee; and where our treasure is, there may our heart be also.

FRIDAY.

O Source of Everlasting Grace, who hast not left us without thy holy image in our humanity, fill us with the mind that was also in Christ Jesus, who thirsted only to do thy will and finish thy work, and declined no cup of sorrow from thy hand. Fix our eye upon the shadow of the cross which he has left upon every human path, and make us one with him in patience, in pureness, in love, in trust, in divine forgiveness, in entire self-sacrifice. Dying with him to earthly thraldom and mortal fears, may we rise with him to heavenly life, and set our affections on things above. Hear us, O Lord! and send us thine answer of peace, uniting us in bonds of love with one another and with thee.

SATURDAY.

Father of Spirits, who lovest whom thou chastenest, correct us in our weakness as children of men, that we may love thee in our strength as sons of God. May the same mind be in us that was also in Christ Jesus, that we may never shrink, when our hour comes, from drinking of the cup that he drank of! Wake in us a soul to obey thee, not with the weariness of servile spirits, but with the alacrity of the holy angels. Fill us with a contempt for evil pleasures and unfaithful ease, and sustain us in the strictness of a devoted life. Daily may we crucify every selfish affection, and delight to bear one another's burdens, to uphold each other's faith and charity, being tender-hearted and forgiving as we hope to be forgiven. Hold us to the true humility of the soul that has not yet attained; and may we be moderate in our desires, diligent in our trust, and content with the disposals of thy providence.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The absurd rumor, which we regret to see so many religious papers have credulously copied, declaring Dr. James Martineau to have abandoned Christianity, and even, it is hinted, his faith in God, has been traced to its source. Dr. I. M. Atwood of the *Christian Leader*, in pitiable ignorance of his subject, commenting upon Dr. Martineau's recent letter in the January *Magazine of Christian Literature*, said, "It is a phenomenon that will repay study that James Martineau, after a long life spent in the service of the Unitarian body in Eng-

land, practically retires from that communion." This was an entirely mistaken comment; for Dr. Martineau's views, as expressed in this his most recent utterance, are exactly the views he has held as regards organization for the last half-century. He has always believed in a union of the Christian church which should embrace all sects. But from this mistaken comment the daily papers, with fiery imagination, drew their unjust suspicions, and spread broadcast the monstrous conclusion that this most devout and thorough of all our religious leaders was rapidly drifting into agnosticism. To all who know anything whatever of Dr. Martineau, of his marvellously profound and tender religious spirit, the rumors were of course only ridiculous.

We called attention last month to the volume of "Home Prayers," which has just appeared from Dr. Martineau, and which he tells us he sends out as probably his last book. We cannot conceive of a legacy which a great and devout soul, a Christian teacher and prophet second to few in the history of the church, could more fittingly leave as his farewell word to the world. These prayers more than meet our highest expectations. They are profound yet simple, marvellously searching, varied as the deep needs, aspirations, and longings of the human soul, tender, lofty, beautiful, in the highest and richest possible sense Christian. We have never found a volume of prayers that so fully satisfies us as does this. We take our "Upward Look" for this month from these prayers, and thus give our readers at least a taste of their high quality.

Dr. Lyman Abbott no sooner concluded his Boston "Lowell Lecture" course on "The Evolution of Christianity" than Rev. Minot J. Savage took up the theme, and Unity Church has been unable to seat the congregations. People wanted to know if there could be a real harmony of thought uniting the two clear-headed preachers of Plymouth and Unity Churches. It would seem from Mr. Savage's utterances that such a unity of thought is most decided. Dr. Abbott himself says he is not a Unitarian; but Mr. Savage asserts that Dr. Abbott "is a good deal more Unitarian in most respects than were our Unitarian fathers." Indeed, on one point only does there appear any sort of difference between the progressive theology of Dr. Abbott and the views of our prominent Unitarian preachers. As to the nature of Christ, Mr. Savage finds that Dr. Abbott "feels himself in sympathy with the general orthodox conception." But even upon this point "there is no essential Trinitarianism in his view of Jesus," and Mr. Savage concludes that Dr. Abbott "is not orthodox according to any recognized standard."

To the thorough-going Unitarian there is something strangely anomalous in the position taken by the spokesmen of progressive Orthodoxy. In no respect is this more clearly exhibited than in their doctrine of the non-natural nature of Christ. Dr. Lyman Abbott, probably their most advanced leader, in his now famous address before the Unitarian Club of Boston left us in some doubt as to his exact view of this doctrine. But Prof. Tucker of Andover, in an article in the February *Andover Review*, entitled "Life in Himself," makes his own position perfectly clear to the most hasty reader. After admitting that there are two interpretations of the life of Christ, both at least reverent,—the one that of pure humanity, by which the capacity of human nature to hold divinity is shown, the other that of miraculous incarnation, exhibiting the "Eternal Son of God,"—he at once concludes, "I cannot hesitate in my choice"; and he chooses the incarnation. He admits that this is simply to plunge the whole subject back into mysticism, but declares that he must prefer mystery to "insufficiency in faith." This is perfectly clear, frank, and emphatic: we wish all theologians would be as explicit. His conclusion, however, seems to us just as unsatisfying to faith as it is incongruous to thought.

It is a hopeful and encouraging outlook for Christian unity when Prof. A. V. Allen can say, as he does in his recent lecture in Boston upon "The Intellectual Ideal": "No doubt Christianity will undergo some profound modification. If there is a Greek and a Latin Christianity, there may have to be an Indian, a Persian, and an Arabian Christianity. And, though a

great work yet remains to be done in the study of comparative religions, we see enough even now to convince us that rationality underlies the religious problem at every point, and that on the basis of this we may anticipate reconciliation of the religions as well as of the nations of the world."

The London Unitarian papers of February 13 give accounts of the first service held by Rev. Brooke Herford in connection with his new charge in that city. Says the *Inquirer:* "Dr. Herford commenced his ministry on Sunday morning last at Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, with every sign of encouragement. It was not alone that the numbers present were very large, but a spirit of earnest gladness pervaded the service. Dr. Herford enters on a great work, with hopes worthy of a much younger man, as years go, but quite natural to one so young in spirit. May his coming to London be the best thing he ever did! We cannot go beyond that."

We refer our readers who are interested in Mr. Spurgeon to the extended article upon his life and work in London which we printed in our October issue of last year. We little expected at that time that he would reach the end so soon. Though no man in England had fought Unitarianism more bitterly than he, yet we are glad to believe that no body of Christians appreciate more heartily than do Unitarians the honesty, the ability, and the large usefulness of the great preacher of South London who has gone. Notwithstanding his belated theology, he was a great moral force in his generation.

We can hardly speak too strongly of our gratification over the arrangements made for the publication in Boston of a new liberal review, under the editorial charge of Profs. Everett and Toy of Harvard, President Cone of Buchtel College, and Rev. N. P. Gilman of Boston. Four better names could hardly have been found in America: their management will insure that the review will stand for all that is broadest, strongest, freest, and yet most constructive in religious thought and scholarship. The name of the publication is *The New World: A Quarterly Review of Religion, Ethics, and Theology.* Its first number appears this month, but not early enough to allow us to speak of its contents. May the *Unitarian Review* and the *Universalist Quarterly* find in *The New World* a successor which shall fill their places, and much more!

There is clearly a growing feeling among our churches that more ought to be done to instruct our own people, and especially our young people, in the central principles and doctrines of our liberal faith. Our Unitarian position is widely misunderstood by the world, partly because so many of our own people do not clearly understand it, and hence cannot give an intelligent account of it to others. This is unfortunate. Is it not unnecessary? If we have a faith which we believe to be true and which we cherish as something precious, is it not both practicable for us and obligatory upon us to make our congregations, and especially our children and youth for whose religious instruction we are responsible, intelligent as to what it is? Is there any other way in which we can make them permanently interested to maintain it? Looking in this direction, a correspondent in Providence, R.I., sends us the following brief and simple statement, corresponding in form somewhat to the Apostles' Creed, but embracing our liberal views of religion, which he has written with a view to its possible use in our Sunday-schools, guilds, and churches:—

We believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ his Son, the greatest religious teacher of the ages, who after the close of his life on earth entered into the blessed immortal life beyond.

We believe that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that seeketh him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy church Universal, the brotherhood of the righteous, the forgiveness of sins, and the life everlasting, in which we hope for the final triumph of good over evil, and the gradual bringing of all souls to holiness and happiness. Amen.

Certainly, this statement has the merit of being both much more reasonable and much more apostolic than the so-called "Apostles' Creed," which we know little about historically except that it did not originate with the apostles.

A brief statement designed for similar practical use that comes to us from another source is the following:—

We believe in one God, the Universal Father;
In the universal brotherhood of men;
In the immortality of the soul;
In the universality and beneficence of law;
In universal and continual inspiration;
In salvation by purity of heart and righteousness of conduct;
In the final holiness and happiness of all mankind;
And that to do the right as it is given to us to see the right, and to cherish goodness as it is given us to understand goodness, are the supreme things in the religious life.

Still another statement that is most admirable is that in use at the Second Church, Boston, prepared by Rev. E. A. Horton:—

I. We believe there is one Supreme Being, our heavenly Father, to whom love, worship, and obedience are due.
II. We believe that Jesus, the Christ, shows to us the way, the truth, and the life by which the world shall build the kingdom of heaven.
III. We believe that man is of divine origin, as yet imperfect, but immortal in nature and capable of endless development.
IV. We believe that the Bible contains the truths of religion, which, when rightly known and practised, establish character, deepen devotion, and impart comfort.
V. We believe that God, in whom we live and move and have our being, animates all existence, guiding and inspiring the universe.
VI. We believe that our aim, like that of Jesus, should be to establish the Brotherhood of Man, uniting humanity in the ties of peace and good will.
VII. We believe that heaven is a condition of character, and that, to realize it, we must repent of wrong-doing, live unselfishly, and seek perfection.

Of course, we would not have these simple summaries of faith or any others used dogmatically, to create theological castes or to limit fellowship. To use them thus would be to abuse them. We would simply have them used reasonably, broadly, for instruction, for practical help in the religious life. But is there any unbiassed person who does not see that, when thus used, they may be made a real good? With such brief summaries of our faith in general use in our Sunday-schools, guilds, and churches, how soon would the present uncertainty as to what we stand for pass away both from the minds of our own people and from the community! We hear in some quarters the complaint that many children of Unitarian Sunday-schools and families, when they grow up, drift into other churches. Of course, they will drift into other churches if our own churches stand for nothing in particular. Does not the remedy for that drift lie in letting them see that we stand for principles and beliefs that are clear, distinctive, and important? And how can we do this so well as by a general use of such brief summaries as have been given above?

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

The fourth regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, on Friday, February 5, at eleven o'clock, the president, Mrs. Morse, in the chair. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. The religious news report was read by Mrs. Hale, and related wholly to the work of the New York and Middle States Conference. This report was full of interest and encouragement to all interested in the spread of liberal Christianity, and particularly to the league, many of whose members have a personal interest in the success reported.

The subject for the day was "Philanthropy":—

I. Different methods of philanthropy.
II. The defects and abuses of missions, and the good accomplished by them.

Mrs. Charles R. Lowell of New York called attention to the fact that philanthropy is often considered as something to be taken up and laid aside again instead of a principle permeating life.

Mrs. McKeon spoke chiefly upon the second topic. The modern tendency toward "Organization" has lessened the feeling of personal responsibility, and consequently the work is less effective. Many instances of the work accomplished by individuals, the result of mere personal effort, were given to emphasize this view.

Mrs. Robert Foster gave an account of the Lodging House for Homeless Women. A number of years ago some gentlemen connected with the Union for Christian Work determined to institute a "work-test" for men who applied for help. A woodyard was secured, and such applicants as were in earnest about desiring employment were sent there until something better could be found. This proved so successful that a

few ladies connected with the Bureau of Charities concluded to make a similar effort for the women who applied to them for help. Unfortunate creatures, representing all degrees of wretchedness into which friendless women can fall,—poor, out of money, out of employment, most of them uninteresting and discouraging at first sight, the forsaken ones who would drift into the station house or the jail for lack of better shelter if no friendly hand was stretched out to them. What to do with the women at night became the next problem. The work during the day had been under supervision. Where would they be safe at night from the things that drag them down? After much discouragement, a room was secured and the Lodging House became a reality. The most pressing need was met; but into the hearts of those who had the interests of these lonely women before them came the desire for something more permanent, and out of the Lodging House has grown a Home for Homeless Women and Children,—a free gift to the Bureau of Charities for the use of such as need it. It is without mortgage or debt of any sort. It is near the Work-room and Laundry, and women find there for a nominal sum a safe refuge until something better is secured for them.

Mrs. Lowell closed the discussion. She spoke first of the poor who have absolutely failed who must be taken care of, and the various public and private means by which this is done; then of those people who have not broken down, but whose life is one constant struggle. Mrs. Lowell felt that true philanthropy should aid these people, not by almsgiving, but by every possible effort to lead them to realize the dignity of their work and a constant seeking to establish absolute justice.

After a few words from Mrs. Morse, a hymn was sung, the Lord's Prayer repeated, and the meeting adjourned.

UNIVERSALIST NOTES.

Unquestionably, the hardest field for our liberal churches is in the great cities. In many ways the peculiar conditions of city life impede our progress. Fashion counts for as much in the crowded city as it does in the country. The world which calls itself "society" loves to be on the safe side, and so goes with the crowd to the older and well-recognized churches. That brings the largest resources in wealth and workers to the side of these churches, and the old principle is again illustrated, "He that hath to him shall be given." Moreover, the populations of our great cities are most largely recruited by people who speak a foreign language, and the barrier of a strange tongue is added to that of a strange thought when we attempt to go to these new-comers within our borders. The trend of the native-born is into the suburbs and the remoter parts of the city proper, and this necessitates removals of church edifices and changes of fields of work,—changes which frequently are made to seem like retreats. But there is no way by which we can escape the action of the great forces which affect all churches and all religious work. Our city churches, one after another, find this truth forced upon them. One of the latest instances is that of the Third Society of New York. Ever since he took charge of this church, Dr. Bolles has been fighting against the inevitable in endeavoring to maintain the church in its present location on West Eleventh Street. The attendants upon his services come from regions as remote as Hoboken on the one side and Brooklyn on the other, and from Washington Square to Harlem. The immediate neighborhood, like all lower New York, is passing or has passed into the hands of foreign-born people who have no more interest in Universalism than they have in metaphysics. The alternatives before the church were to emigrate or die. Not wishing to die, they have determined to move. In much the same way the Second Society for years fought a losing battle in an inhospitable field, and has now moved westward to a hall, and is contemplating a new church somewhere in the growing region of Harlem. Dr. Eaton's church is splendidly situated, and has a certain prestige from its very location upon Fifth Avenue. But all these metropolitan churches find that the most difficult facts of their environment are the fashionables on the one hand and the foreigners on the other, and the pressure of these two classes in the close and intense life of the city is sometimes like the grinding of the upper and nether millstones.

But the inference need not be drawn that our liberal churches have no call to deal with the classes which are crowding them out of the older parts of the cities. The field is as open to us as to any denominations. Only it cannot be done along the old lines. The call is for new methods. In New York, for example, the Brevoort Mission has for years maintained a Sunday-school in the heart of the east side, and now, under the care of the Lookout Club, an organization of the city churches for co-operative work is taking upon itself a larger work and a livelier activity. A reading-room has been opened, and a Boys' Club organized, with good promise of usefulness and of development. Similar enterprises are on foot in many of our city churches. They indicate that, while our older churches necessarily follow the population from which their strength is derived, they do not altogether abandon the field of labor among the people who have crowded them out. When, a few years ago, St. Paul's Church in Chicago was removed from an unfavorable field to a more advantageous one, the very first

thing it did after it took up its new quarters was to open a free kindergarten for the benefit of the children of the very class by whom it was crowded out of its old locality, and gather the children of the poor and the foreigner every day under the church roof. It is not fair to say that, when our churches desert an old building site, they therefore abandon the class of people who most need the influences of Christianity. They simply change the method of approach.

Another result of the changing aspects of city church life is illustrated in the work toward which the State Missionary in Massachusetts is directing his efforts. It is apparent that the immediate suburbs of Boston are gaining at the expense of the heart of the city. The older churches, like Columbus Avenue and Shawmut, lose annually a number of people, many of them old and tried members of the parish, by removal into the suburban towns and villages. To meet this movement, which is a well-recognized feature of all metropolitan growth, it is proposed to organize Sunday-schools and Lay Reading Circles in a systematic way, wherever the nucleus of families can be found. There is no novelty in the method. But perhaps the systematic use of it and the enlistment of the young people in the plan may give it energy and life. A little church was dedicated in Swampscott, Mass., last summer which grew out of just such work, carried on for years by patient, faithful workers.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

GUILD DEPARTMENT.

It is found in the church at Concord, Mass., that the monthly meeting held by the guild in the church is an interesting and helpful feature of the church work. In effect, the guild takes charge of a church service the last Sunday evening of the month. Gradually, confidence will be developed and the church strengthened through this realization of what the young can do in the way of what is generally considered exclusively a minister's work. We recommend to others to try this plan as an extension of guild work.

We are pleased to learn that the American Unitarian Association, through its directors, has voted to give $400 in furtherance of Rev. G. W. Cooke's work as general agent of the movement representing Unity Clubs, Guilds, and Temperance Societies. The officers of these organizations have voted also to raise $100 toward the same object. The guilds will be expected to give $25 as their share. To this end each guild is asked to send to the treasurer, Miss Margaret Blanchard of Concord, Mass., from *one* to *five* dollars, such contributions being also for the general expense so far as not needed in the way mentioned. The work that Mr. Cooke represents in the agency is a very important one, and one which will be brought into greater prominence as the various parishes of our denomination come to realize that the young people are the strength of the future church. We would suggest to churches in which the young people are not organized that the minister or some one most interested correspond with Rev. George W. Cooke, and learn what is going on in this direction.

The guild at Quincy, Mass., held a reception on the afternoon of February 10. It was a social occasion, in which delegates from various guilds participated, in which they could learn what was doing at Quincy and report for their own organizations. The exchange of courtesies of this and a similar kind among our societies has been found pleasant and profitable,—a reminder surely that we are all working in the same cause.

B. R. BULKELEY.

UNITY CLUBS.

I find the following important paragraph in the last number of *Unity:* "Why will our Unity Club workers scatter so recklessly? Does not all experience prove that conversation high and intelligent, the thing to be most sought after by the Unity Club, is possible only around those subjects which represent *cumulative* intelligence and *co-operative* study and reading? A beautifully printed programme, and admirable in detail, is before us, covering twelve or fourteen nights; but each evening is not only distinct from every other evening, but the evening itself consists of seven or eight numbers, each one varying from each other, sometimes as widely as a biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell and 'The Persecution of the Jews.' We can but feel that this band of earnest workers would gain much larger results at the end of the year if they would concentrate their activities upon James Russell Lowell throughout the season, the study of the Jews, or on any one of the other admirable and tempting topics on their list." This advice is sound, and needs to be heeded by a considerable number of our clubs. The same advice will apply quite as well to guilds, who have the same bad habit of scattering their force over an endless number of subjects, important and unimportant. Concentration, definiteness, continuity, are three laws of spiritual activity which both guilds and clubs should carefully obey.

I always feel that an injustice has been done when an entertainment society calls itself a Unity Club. Such societies have their place, it is true, and may do very good social work; but, when they use this name,

they bring rebuke to those clubs which are doing really valuable service for the intellectual and spiritual growth of their members. While the amusement aim is kept subordinate, no harm is done; but, when that controls, the genuine church interests inevitably suffer. A degree of prosperity may be secured by the means of theatricals, tea-parties, and sociables; and many people may be drawn into an active interest in them. No church ever continued in a healthy state for more than a brief period with the aid of such helps. If its main interest and activity go into them, it will soon come to a time of stagnation and collapse. I am confident, therefore, that no Unity Club having amusement as its chief aim can be of any permanent aid to a church. If those who wish the prosperity which is to be had in that way would christen their societies by some other name than "Unity Club," it would relieve a good work of an unmerited reproach.

When a Unity Club proclaims through its officers or members that it finds it best to devote its energies to raising money to help the church along, which needs all the help it can have, I feel not a little of sympathy with the purpose thus stated. Of course, such a purpose means entertainments of all kinds. One cannot help wondering, however, if such a church would not gain more money if it had faith enough to keep to the objects for which it exists. If the energy spent in dances, theatricals, tea-parties, fairs, and other entertainments, were put into creating a higher intellectual, moral, and spiritual life in the community, people would respond to its call with the needed money, and they would have very much more confidence in the church. When a church must live by degrading itself, it is reasonable to ask if it had not better die at once, and give place to some church which better knows for what it exists. All of which applies to Unity Clubs.

I have noticed that no club which makes amusement or money-getting its object lives beyond a few seasons. In such objects there is no perennial interest, no permanent incentive. Most of the clubs that have been managed with any skill, that have taken up really important subjects for serious study, continue a vigorous life, and have become most important helps to the churches with which they are connected. The subjects most intimately connected with the life of to-day, that have the power of raising the ideal and the practical standard of character, have always proven the most profitable in results. Purely intellectual subjects are less valuable than those which widen the spiritual and moral vision, and which give to life deeper incentives and aims. To give a truer conception of life and a higher motive to noble living should be the object of the Unity Club from first to last.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

On February 2 the directors of the Unitarian Temperance Society voted to petition the directors of the World's Columbian Exposition to reverse their decision in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors, thus adding another voice to the protest which is being raised against this threatened evil. The following is the text of the petition:—

"BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1892.

"*To the Director-General and Board of Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition:*—

"At a meeting of the directors (and friends) of the Unitarian Temperance Society a vote was passed, unanimously, that a respectful but earnest protest be forwarded to your honorable board against the recent decision which, as we understand, has been made in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors upon the Exposition grounds.

"We are convinced that the sentiment in our Unitarian churches throughout the country would be strongly against this policy; and all our members, besides hundreds of thousands in other communions, would rejoice to know that it had been reconsidered and the decision reversed.

"We do not know that our protest will be strengthened by offering arguments. Suffice it to say that we should feel deep shame if at the coming Exposition, which promises to be the grandest of the century, and which is intended to present the best results of our American civilization, both as to material and spiritual success, the curse of liquor-drinking and of saloons shall receive official sanction and encouragement. We should be proportionately grateful and proud, should it be possible to say to the world that at the great American Exposition the sale of intoxicating drinks has been forbidden.

"We, therefore, respectfully and earnestly, in the name of humanity and the kingdom of God on earth, urge the reconsideration of this question, and a decision against the saloons or any sale of intoxicating liquors upon the Exposition grounds.

"CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT, *President.*

"GEORGE HERBERT HOSMER, *Secretary.*"

The Unitarian Temperance Society proposes April 3 as "Temperance Sunday," this being the Sunday preceding the date of Channing's birth (April 7). A circular has been printed and sent to ministers and Sunday-school superintendents, making this proposition and enclosing a four-page circular of "Suggestions for a Temperance Service." It was thought best not to print a special service for the occasion, but to suggest certain services and hymns contained in our various Sunday-school service-books, with references to appropriate Scripture readings and to passages in Channing's works which illustrate his active and thoughtful interest in the cause of temperance.

Many topics for lessons, conversation, or addresses, are also given, with references to some of the most helpful sources of information.

Upon the first page appears a woodcut of Dr. Channing. The purpose of associating his name with Temperance Sunday is to emphasize our present duty by his earnest and faithful service for a similar work in his day, to point out changes in public sentiment and methods of reform since that day, and to summon the present generation to an appreciation both of the necessity and the dignity of the temperance reform.

Copies of these circulars may be obtained of the secretary, Rev. George Herbert Hosmer, or of Rev. George W. Cooke, agent, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Declaration cards have been issued by the Unitarian Temperance Society for the use of ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and others who may wish for pledges of total abstinence to use in special cases or among their people, young or old.

Special attention is called to these cards as offering an opportunity of strengthening those who may be weak or of fixing by a definite agreement the temperance purposes of the young.

We give the text of the Declarations below, and wish our friends to notice carefully the following points:—

1. These Declarations have nothing to do with membership in the Unitarian Temperance Society, as such, the sole condition of which is the payment of one dollar annually into its treasury.

2. An Associate Society is thus begun, called the "Total Abstinence League," to which these Declarations form the entrance.

3. A life promise is not exacted. Liberty of withdrawal is specially provided for. Thus the independence of the individual, man or woman, boy or girl, is preserved, while the advantages of a pledge are secured.

4. Should there be a demand for time pledges, for three months, six months, or a year, the society will doubtless furnish them.

5. These cards may be of value to Lend a Hand Clubs or societies using Dr. Hale's mottoes, and wishing to make temperance one of their objects. They are offered also to the guilds.

6. Two Declarations are offered,—one of total abstinence (until withdrawal) from "intoxicating liquors as beverages," the other including also "tobacco."

Signing either one constitutes membership in the Total Abstinence League.

7. Upon the back of each card is a certificate to be signed by the President of the Unitarian Temperance Society, and the minister of the church where the card is used.

The Declarations are as follows:—

Declaration A: "I wish to become a member of the Total Abstinence League connected with the Unitarian Temperance Society; and I therefore agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and will strive to lessen and prevent the evils that come from intoxicating drinks, and to elevate and maintain the standard of purity, virtue, and happiness.

"My membership will cease on the return of this card to the Secretary of the Unitarian Temperance Society."

Declaration B: The same as the above, with the addition of the words "and from the use of tobacco."

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Protestant Poor Friar" is the title of a new and very convenient small edition of the life of Travers Madge, a biographical sketch, written by Brooke Herford, and first published in England twenty-five years ago. The story of a pure and unselfish life, engrossed in the uneventful but trying demands of city missionary work, this little memoir has passed through three editions. The present American issue, published by Damrell & Upham of Boston, is sure to have a rapid sale.

We wish to call attention to the new *Charities Review*, recently started in New York. Perhaps no study is coming more rapidly and deservedly into prominence to-day than that of sociology, and this review is one of the best journals of "practical sociology" obtainable. The yearly subscription (eight numbers) is only $1. Address Charity Organization Society, 21 University Place, New York City.

One of our orthodox exchanges calls Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "David Grieve," "the most profoundly philosophical and psychological work since 'Daniel Deronda,' with the single exception of 'Robert Elsmere,' also by Mrs. Ward."

Michigan University at Ann Arbor has 2,650 students this year. Of these 1,242 are in the Literary Department.

A monthly has been started in Liverpool, Eng., called the *Liverpool Pulpit*, the editors of which are Rev. C. W. Stubbs, Episcopalian, Rev. C. F. Aked, Baptist, and Rev. R. A. Armstrong, Unitarian. This is an interesting sign of the times in the theological world, especially when we remember that Mr. Armstrong is not a timid or weak-kneed, or even a conservative Unitarian, but one of our most radical and outspoken ministers, though of a broad, candid, and truly liberal spirit.

A new book from Carlyle—namely, his "Lectures on the History of Literature," delivered in London in 1838—has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1.

President Carter of Williams College has written for the series of "American Religious Leaders" a biography of Mark Hopkins, former president of that college, and one of the wisest, noblest, and most influential leaders America has ever produced.

Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, author of "Robert Armstrong" and "A Girl Graduate," will very soon publish through the Riverside Press a new story entitled "Roger Hunt."

The lectures on "The Evolution of Christianity," recently delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, which have caused such a whirlwind of discussion, will be carefully revised by Dr. Abbott, and then published in a volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" still retains its phenomenal popularity. Indeed, it would seem to be on the eve of the most remarkable epoch in its wonderful career. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., having arranged to bring it out in what they call a "Universal Edition" (in paper at 25 cents, and cloth at 50), began printing 100,000 copies; but the orders for it have poured in at such a rate that they are obliged to make the first issue 160,000.

"Evolution in Science, Philosophy, and Art" is the title of a book containing seventeen lectures by Prof. John Fiske, Mr. Underwood, Dr. Abbot, Mr. Wakeman, and other able exponents of evolution, published by D. Appleton & Co. These lectures, when delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, attracted general attention. In book form they are accompanied by a letter from Herbert Spencer and by numerous illustrations.

The Khasi Hymn-book, which Mr. Sunderland has been superintending the printing of in Ann Arbor, is finished, and the edition (five hundred copies) is shipped to Assam in India. It is entitled "Hymns of Worship and Faith, for Use in the Meetings, the Home, and Elsewhere." It contains ninety-one hymns, besides an Introduction, a Service of Prayer, Indexes, etc. About one-third of the hymns are original compositions of Mr. Kissor Singh, and the rest are translations by him into the Khasi language of hymns familiar to us, written by Wesley, Bonar, Cowper, Freeman Clarke, Sarah Flower Adams, Furness, Hosmer, and other well-known English and American hymn-writers. The money to pay the cost of printing the book ($97) has been raised by the Women's Auxiliaries of Maine, by the solicitation of Miss Helen N. Bates of Waterville.

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.—*Shakspere.*

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The Arena (March).

Psychical Research. By Rev. M. J. Savage.

The Threefold Contentions of Industry. By Gen. J. B. Weaver.

Revelation through Nature. By Henry Wood.

The Dead Sea of the Nineteenth Century. By B. O. Flower.

North American Review (March).

The Anti-slavery Conference at Brussels. By the Belgian Minister at Washington.

A Reply to the Article by Mr. Croker on Tammany. By Hon. Dorman B. Eaton.

The Columbian Exposition. By Director-General Davis.

Atlantic Monthly (March).

An Old English Township. By Brooke Herford.

Harvest-tide on the Volga. Isabel F. Hapgood.

Doubts about University Extension. By George H. Palmer.

Why the Men of '61 fought for the Union. By J. D. Cox.

The Century Magazine (February).

The Jews in New York. II. By Richard Wheatly.

Recent Discoveries concerning the Gulf Stream. By J. E. Pillsbury.

Titian (Italian Old Masters). By W. J. Stillman.

The Degradation of a State; or, The Charitable Career of the Louisiana Lottery. By Clarence C. Buel.

The Charities Review (February).

The Louisiana Lottery: Its History. By Edgar H. Farrar.

Some Incidents in Quasi-public Charity. By Alexander Johnson.

White Slaves: The Oppression of the Worthy Poor. By Joseph Lee.

Sanitarian (February).

Evolution of Local Sanitary Administration. By Edward Seaton, M.D.

Utilization of Sewage. By Alfred Carpenter, M.D.

The Coming Man. By S. V. Clevenger.

Andover Review (February).

Ethnic Religion in its Relation to Christianity. By Prof. Gerhart.

Our Ethical Resources. By President Hyde.

The Duty of Scientific Theology to the Church of To-day. By Prof. Pfleiderer.

Forum (February).

Perils of our National Elections. By ex-Senator G. F. Edmunds.

The German Labor Colonies. By Francis G. Peabody.

A Year of Gen. Booth's Work. By Dr. Albert Shaw.

A Year's Literary Production. By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Suppression of Lotteries by Taxation. By Horace White.

Lend a Hand (February).

The Science of Crime. By Arthur MacDonald.

A Parental School.

The Christian Minister and Sociology. By J. R. Commons.

Scribner's Magazine (February).

Station Life in Australia. By Sidney Dickinson.

A Model Working-girls' Club. By Albert Shaw.

American Illustration of To-day. By William A. Coffin.

The Revenue-cutter Service. By P. W. Thompson and S. A. Wood.

The Arctic Highlander. By Benjamin Sharp, Ph.D.

Old and New Testament Student (February).

The Evidence of Compilation. By Prof. Henry P. Smith.

The Religious Ideas of the First Book of Maccabees. By Prof. F. C. Porter.

The Discovery and Decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By Robert F. Harper, Ph.D.

The Book of Ecclesiastes. By Prof. F. B. Denio.

New England Magazine (February).

Corot: His Life and Work. By Camille Thurwanger.

Stories of Salem Witchcraft. By Winfield S. Nevins.

The Granite Industry in New England. By George A. Rich.

The Churches of Worcester. By C. M. Lamson.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Rev. G. W. Kent, formerly of the Universalist church, having applied for admission to the fellowship of the Unitarian denomination, and having presented satisfactory proof of his fitness for the work of our ministry, we take pleasure in commending him to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Rev. John L. Ericksen, formerly of the Danish-Norwegian Methodist Episcopal church, having applied for admission to the fellowship of the Unitarian denomination, and having presented satisfactory proof of his fitness for the work of our ministry, we take pleasure in commending him to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Mr. E. E. Newbert, a graduate of the Bangor Theological School, and at present a special student at the Harvard Divinity School, having applied for admission to the fellowship of the Unitarian denomination, and having presented satisfactory proof of his fitness for the work of our ministry, we take pleasure in commending him to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Ann Arbor, Mich.—The Unity Club here is having the most successful year in its history. It meets weekly on Monday evening, and has had an average attendance since October of over three hundred. All other departments of the work prosper.

Arlington, Mass.—The ordination and installation of Mr. Frederic Gill as minister of the Unitarian church took place February 4. Sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage. Other parts of the service were taken by Rev. J. P. Forbes, J. F. Moors, F. B. Hornbrooke, H. N. Brown, John Tunis, and A. M. Lord. An original hymn was written for the occasion by Rev. H. H. Barber of Meadville.

Boston and Vicinity.—The pulpit of Arlington Street Church is to be supplied as follows during March: March 6, Rev. Bradley Gilman of Concord, N.H.; March 13, Rev. S. C. Beane of Newburyport, Mass.; March 20, Rev. L. B. Macdonald of the New South Church, Boston; March 27, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord, Mass.

The pulpit of King's Chapel is to be supplied March 6 and 13 by Rev. S. M. Crothers of St. Paul, Minn.

—At Unity Chapel, South Boston, a series of sermons by leading representatives of other denominations has attracted considerable attention. During February Dr. Miner spoke for Universalism, Rev. H. S. Huntington for Congregationalism, and Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D., for the "New Theology, and the Union of Liberal Christians." During March representative Unitarians will conclude the course.

—The Norfolk church, organized in 1889, is steadily flourishing, with an average attendance of one hundred at the morning service and as many scholars in the Sunday-school.

—A new movement has begun at Melrose Highlands, under the guidance of Dr. J. F. Moors, which promises good success.

—At the February meeting of the Unitarian Club the subject of "Modern Movements in Christian Work" was considered in its practical bearings. Rev. R. A. Woods, Rev. John Tunis, Rev. Charles A. Dickinson of Boston, and Rev. W. S. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York, were the principal speakers.

—The late Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bowditch, a millionaire resident of Dedham, has left $3,000 to the association for the relief of destitute Unitarian ministers, and $3,000 to the general fund of the American Unitarian Association.

Charleston, S.C.—A memorial service in honor of the late Rev. E. C. L. Browne, former pastor of the Unitarian church, was held here on Sunday, February 7, and was very largely attended. Upon a crape-draped easel stood a large closed book made of white jonquils and japonicas, across which, in purple immortelles, appeared the word "Closed," and beneath it the letters "E. C. L. B.," the initials of Rev. Mr. Browne's name. Above the closed book, which was symbolic of the book of life, were the words "In Memoriam." Directly beneath the pulpit was a large, lifelike portrait of Mr. Browne, framed with evergreens. The chancel rail was draped with white cloth covered with ivy, the latter a great favorite with Mr. Browne. The communion table and baptismal font were dressed with violets, japonicas, and crape. The services were most interesting and appropriate, and were conducted by Rev. H. A. Whitman, the present pastor of the church.

—The Southern Conference of Unitarian churches meets here in April. It is earnestly hoped that ministers from Northern States will take this opportunity of visiting and encouraging their Southern brethren.

Davenport, Ia.—The Entertainment Committee of the First Unitarian Church gave a Russian tea and wedding to a crowded house on the 5th of February. The wedding took place in the church, and the tea was served in the adjoining dining-rooms, which were decorated with palms and yellow draperies. Several small tables tastefully decorated with china, flowers, and a touch of the Russian colors, were dispersed about the rooms; and the American and Russian flags were draped in the archway. Dancing was enjoyed by the young people during the evening. It was a very successful entertainment, and added over a hundred dollars to the treasury. The scene was made very attractive by several ladies in Russian costume.

Denver, Col.—Since the beginning of the year twenty-two new members have joined Unity Church. If this rate is maintained, the increase in membership in 1892 will exceed the record of 1891, when eighty new members were received. The Young People's Club continues to be a centre of great activity. The course of lectures given by Dr. Emerson, Prof. Palmer, and Rev. Messrs. Gregg, Montague, and Van Ness, is proving very popular. The Sunday evening meetings, led by members of the club, are well attended, and often very interesting. They prove that a good many excellent lay preachers are being trained in Unity Church. The charity work of the club is wisely and actively conducted.

The Women's Alliance at the February meeting heard two admirable papers, by Mrs. Dick on "The Relation of the Home to Education," and by Dr. May Smith on "The Influence of Great Minds in Education." The papers provoked a lively discussion. The Post-office Mission reported a distribution of 5,591 tracts and papers last year.

The third annual "Year Book of Unity Church" was issued in January. It is full of information about the progress of the various branches of the church work. More than a hundred copies have been sent away in response to inquiries and requests from ministers and churches. The book can be obtained by sending ten cents in stamps to the Headquarters, Unity Church, Denver. The manual of the Young People's Club and the "History of the Church" can be obtained in the same way. *Unity Notes*, the monthly calendar of church events and announcements, is published on the second Sunday of each month.

Rev. S. A. Eliot is preaching a series of sermons on "The Law of Liberty." Though not cast in "popular" form, the first two sermons of the course have drawn large congregations. Inquiries continue to be received at the Denver Headquarters in regard to Mr. Eliot's health. Any one who reads the Year Book can tell whether our church activities are led by an invalid or not; and Mr. Eliot during the past year has been not only the minister of Unity Church, but also president of an active missionary conference and president of the Associated Charities of a great city. Needless to add that he is well and vigorous.

Grafton, Mass.—The installation of Rev. T. Ernest Allen as pastor of the Unitarian church took place Wednesday, February 3. Rev. M. J. Savage preached the sermon, and the services were participated in by Rev. Messrs. Calvin Stebbins, A. S. Garver, L. G. Wilson, Grindall Reynolds, and E. Q. S. Osgood.

Great Barrington, Mass.—Rev. Carl G. Horst held Unitarian services at the Court Room in this village Sunday evening, February 14, at half-past seven o'clock, and is to preach here every other Sunday.

Greenfield, Mass.—The *Greenfield Unitarian*, a parish leaflet published monthly by the young people of the church, is a helpful effort. The February number contained an extract from a sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. A. A. Brooks, upon "The Fulness of Life": "There are none of our problems

that are not solved by this fulness of life. What is wickedness but weakness? What is continued sorrow but the absence of some manly quality? How else shall we meet the buffetings of life except by a high spiritual vitality?"

Hingham, Mass.—The Fortnightly Club, composed of members of various parishes in town, meets in the Parish House on alternate Monday evenings. The subject for the winter is "Charles Lamb and his Contemporaries."

—The Sunday-school of the First Parish has just finished a year's study of the Old Testament, having gone through the history and literature up to the book of Kings. The Bible has been used as a text-book. References and questions were given to the school every fortnight. The same method is being used in the study of the parables of Jesus. The teachers' meetings have been well attended every week.

—Rev. J. W. Day is spending the month of February in Brooklyn, N.Y., working in connection with the Mission Chapel of the Church of the Saviour.

Hungary.—Unitarianism in Hungary suffers a severe loss in the death of two distinguished members of the faculty in the University at Kolozsvár, who had long been leaders of our cause among their countrymen; namely, Profs. Kovács and Berde.

Lebanon, N.H.—A hearty call has been extended to Rev. George M. Bodge, now of East Boston, to become the minister of this society.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The Church of the Unity held a social dedication in January. About five hundred were present. The pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomson, Rev. Mr. Philips of East Los Angeles, and Rev. Mr. Copeland of Tacoma made short speeches. The ladies of this parish have organized themselves into the Unity League, with ten branches. Attendance at the Sunday Evening Guild is increasing. The Unity Club is pushing forward in its work. The new church is too small for the attendance at the regular morning services, several having to stand through the service, and many not able to get into the church.

Milford, N.H.—Two services have been kept up fall and winter. The Sunday-school keeps on its prosperous way. The Unity Club holds its accustomed entertainments. The Emerson Class is studying the author and writing essays on his character and writings. The Young People's Guild, with printed lists of subjects and leaders, keeps the even tenor of its way. The Ladies' Christian Union lends its earnest hand to all good causes, and fails not to meet weekly for work. The Ministers' Union, non-sectarian, meets fortnightly on Monday for the reading of papers and discussion of the same, and dining together monthly. It includes the clergy of all denominations of nearly a dozen towns, meeting in Milford. Dr. A. A. Livermore is vice-president, and, though past eighty years, rarely misses being present, and lending his aid with the others. Topics on all the great questions of theology, science, literature, are discussed, and freely, with varying views, but always with a courteous charity, and not without mutual benefit in many ways. Why could not such a meeting exist and prosper as well as this in every section of the country? It has had a tendency here to unite the churches and the people, and so in various directions the influence has spread and done good.

"The Milford Association for the Promotion of Temperance and Good Citizenship" has had five monthly Sunday evening meetings in the town hall, long enough to prove its success and popularity. The audience is from four hundred to five hundred people, and all the clergymen and the leading professional and other people are actively interested. The president is the president of the State Senate. It is a new thing, and is doing a good work for sobriety. One billiard-room sign has come down, and another suspected place complains that half its patronage has dropped off, and fewer drunken men are seen on the streets. The subject is treated in a broad way. Rev. Mr. Dole of Boston gave lately his fine lecture on "The Good Citizen," and an orthodox clergyman spoke also upon a similar topic. The pastor of the Unitarian church, chairman of the Executive Committee, is to address the citizens in March on "The Ideal Citizen." The association is really the People's Church.

New York.—A religious movement of great interest has begun in Flushing, L.I. Under a Committee of Management, of which Miss Nellie Slade is secretary and treasurer, popular services are held every Sunday evening in the town hall. Among the ministers who have accepted invitations to speak at these meetings are Rev. Messrs. Stephen H. Camp, John W. Chadwick, Hobart Clark, H. Price Collier, Robert Collyer, Edward Hale, Charles H. Eaton, D.D., Theodore C. Williams, Henry W. Woude, and Merle St. C. Wright. The following laymen have also consented to speak: Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, ex-United States Civil Service Commissioner; Prof. Richard J. H. Gottheil of Columbia College; William Potts, Vice-President Continental Trust Company; Hon. John A. Taylor, ex-Corporation Counsel, Brooklyn.

Young men and women in search of a type of Christian faith at once reasonable, earnest, and devout, are especially invited.

Northampton, Mass.—Rev. R. A. Griffin has accepted the call of this parish, and begun an active ministry that promises very hopefully.

Oakland, Cal.—Under the auspices of the First Unitarian Church, large audiences have attended during the month of February lectures by the following well-known speakers: Miss Susan Hale, the gifted sister of Rev. E. E. Hale, upon "The Mysteries of Udolpho"; Rev. Kristofer Janson of Minneapolis, on "West of the Sun and East of the Moon": Prof. John Vance Cheney, on "Poetry at Oxford," and others.

Olympia, Wash.—The Women Workers of the Unitarian church at this place have written to a number of the Ladies' Societies connected with Unitarian churches throughout the United States, asking for ten-cent contributions in groups of ten or more, for the purpose of assisting them to help furnish their new church. The contributions and the spirit of the responses already received are very gratifying.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Rev. A. B. Church of the North Adams Universalist Church preached at Unity Church, February 7, in exchange with Rev. Carl G. Horst.

Rev. W. W. Fenn, under the auspices of the Guild of the Good Shepherd, lectured on "Emerson" in Unity Church February 19. A light tea was served before the lecture, at which the people had an opportunity of meeting their former pastor. The subject and speaker attracted a good audience, including pastors of the other churches and prominent members of society.

Portland, Ore.—At the annual business meeting of the First Unitarian Society on the 12th inst. the reports of pastor and officers showed a good degree of prosperity and a hopeful outlook. A pleasant social followed. Interest increases in the Free Reading-room, which was opened November 1 by the Post-office Mission. A little leaflet of selections with holiday greetings was printed and sent out to all correspondents. Many responses have been received, showing that the Christmas spirit went with the words and warmed some lonely hearts.

Dr. Eliot and Mr. Wilbur are delivering a course of lectures on Sunday evenings upon "The Doctrines of Liberal Christianity," which are listened to by large congregations, and arouse much interest.

Providence, R.I.—At the February meeting of the Unitarian Club the president introduced as the first speaker the "oldest Unitarian minister living," Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, D.D., who was born in Waterford, Me., Feb. 9, 1801. Dr. Stone is still in vigorous physical and mental health, and made an interesting address upon "The Grounds of Religion."

Quincy, Mass.—Since the return of our pastor (Rev. D. M. Wilson) from the South, where he has been doing missionary work, we have been very busy people. The subject of one of Mr. Wilson's first sermons was "War a Crime," and it seemed particularly appropriate coming just at the time of the recent trouble with Chile. Our social engagements have come thick and fast. First came the entertainments provided by the Social Club, at one of which we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the Criterion Club of Boston. Then came our quarterly sociable, at which our pastor related some of his experiences in the South, and the ladies provided a dainty lunch. On the next Tuesday the "Guild of the Great Teacher" held a sociable. Although the weather was stormy, a large number of members and their friends were present. Tea was served, and followed by an entertainment given by home talent. Friday, from five o'clock until eight, was the children's party, in connection with the Social Club. A reception was given by the "Guild of the Great Teacher" on the evening of February 10; and the chapel presented a most homelike appearance, with our tea-tables set on one side and the bright fires crackling in the open grates. There were present representatives from Concord, Reading, Bulfinch Place (Boston), Newton, Medfield, Revere, Dedham, Neponset, Richmond Street (Dorchester), and Wollaston. After our social hour from six to seven came the hour for tea. At the end of that time Miss Mabel E. Adams, chairman of the committee, welcomed the guests, and invited one from each guild to speak for a few minutes and tell us of their work. The reports were followed by a benediction pronounced by Rev. George Henry Hosmer, pastor of the Church of the Unity of Neponset.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Our annual meeting was held in January; and the trustees' report made us feel that we had a right to "thank God and take courage" that our society at the age of ten months is able to stand on its feet and earn its own living. At the time of organization, Feb. 24, 1891, forty-six names were signed to the constitution: the annual report recently printed gives one hundred and eighty-four as the present number. Our Sunday audiences, in spite of the unusually severe weather, the grip, a feeling of uncertainty about finding the theatre comfortably warm, and other drawbacks incident to the season, hold their own at about three hundred, and are noticeably attentive.

Our music is furnished by a volunteer choir of about twenty, led by a paid director. These, with the congregation, sing the hymns; and we usually have besides a solo and an anthem by a quintette of male voices.

The Sunday-school has an attendance of about fifty. We could, probably, by a little effort double this number; but we are obliged to go slowly on account of the difficulty of getting teachers. It is not always easy to catch and keep good Sunday-school teachers in well-established churches, and it is not

to be wondered at that those among us who are interested should prefer to enroll themselves in the Bible class. However, we are gaining. Since the children's party and Christmas tree, there has been an increased interest.

The Ladies' Society is active and harmonious. Organized in September with a membership of thirteen, its number had increased to fifty by the 1st of January; and it is now about to vote itself into the National Alliance. It assumed the responsibility of paying the salary of the musical director as its share of the expenses of the young church; and for this and for charitable and other uses it has raised and expended two hundred dollars in the first four months of its existence. May it not rightly be considered a healthy and vigorous infant?

Of course, things do not always go smoothly and easily with us; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that our aches are the growing pains of youth, and not the infirmities of old age. Our movement slowly and steadily gains the active sympathy of individuals and the respect of the community.

San Diego, Cal.—The San Diego *Union* is publishing an interesting series of papers upon "Society and Religion on the Pacific Coast," written by Rev. B. F. McDaniel. Mr. McDaniel believes that the indications of the times are that society is "moving on to firmer religious ground than the Christian world has ever held since the disciples went out in the spirit of Jesus." There is still plenty of disputing over Christian dogmas; but "I find no one," Mr. McDaniel concludes, "who does not reverence and love the Christian spirit."

St. Louis, Mo.—Church of the Messiah: Rev. Mr. Hosmer of Cleveland gave a paper on "Lowell" before the Unitarian Club. In the absence of Mr. Snyder, who spends a fortnight in Boston, Rev. Mr. Eliot will preach. The chorus choir, with the regular quartette, gave the oratorio of "Saint Paul" on the afternoon of the 31st of January. The Social Committee gave a "Conundrum Tea" at the church, to which the congregation came at 7 P.M., remaining to spend a very pleasant evening. A feature of the work under the Committee on Decoration is the Communion Sunday flowers. The young ladies have charge of a volunteer fund for the purpose, to which those interested in this special feature subscribe. The Literary Committee has conducted two meetings of the Shakspere Class in the past month, at which the "Wives" and "Lovers" of the great plays were studied. Mr. Snyder will return in time to take up during Lent a series of weekly evening meetings, and the regular class preparatory to church membership. The congregation is to be sadly crippled by the removal of Prof. James K. Hosmer and family to Minneapolis, where Prof. Hosmer takes charge of the public library. A black marble tablet bearing the following inscription has been placed in the church: "In memory of George Partridge. Born March 27, 1809. Died July 12, 1890. For many years a member of this church." He spent his life in advancing the educational, philanthropic, and religious interests of St Louis. This tablet was erected by two of his friends in recognition of his useful and honorable life.

Texas.—The following letter from Rev. N. Schultz, our Unitarian missionary in Texas, graphically illustrates the difficulties and even physical dangers still incident to the life of the herald of new religious thought:—

"I have visited, I believe, about fifty—yes, perhaps a hundred—towns, counting in country districts, and everywhere I find the same conditions existing. But in every community I find some few earnest souls, Christian in spirit, but doubtful in belief, who hail the new doctrines with joy. At Henrietta, Tex., last week I found quite a little crowd of earnest people; and at Wichita Falls, where I have just completed a course of lectures and sermons, I met with a like success. People come to me and say: 'Why, I never thought of that before!' 'Why, now it is clear enough!' 'I wish you had come sooner,' etc., showing clearly, to me at least, in what state they must have been. It is true, indeed, it is not an altogether pleasant occupation to enter a town a stranger, and try to find the first man, to get at others, and face a crowd of sixty to perhaps twice or thrice that number, when you see hatred in one man's eye and vacancy in another, when, after you have finished, you hear a murmur through the crowd, not knowing whether it means good or evil. Fortunately, a few understanding spirits there are in every crowd who have the moral courage to step forward and prove that they are on my side. The liberal churches are poorly represented in Texas. The so-called Christian church (Campbellite) of Texas is far from liberal. In fact, only in few cases have I found it to be in advance of the others; but, nevertheless, there are some to be found. I never yet found a Congregational church. Two unimportant Universalist churches and about four or five ministers complete the list; and Unitarian,—about twenty societies are afloat, just bubbling up here and there, and just one minister, although within the last two weeks, I believe, Mr. Wheelock has commenced services in our beautiful city of Austin. Nevertheless, there are ministers in many of our cities and towns who are liberal-minded but helpless; for, if they break loose, where shall they go? What church is there to receive them? And what choice have they? What help? It is either Sam Jones or Ingersoll, for the middle route of Unitarianism is a sealed book to them.

"Perhaps you may be interested in some

of my little experiences, as they come to me as a Unitarian evangelist. They are many and varied, and pass from the absurd to the disagreeable.

"Last Monday I entered Wichita Falls, with a letter of introduction to a lawyer of the town, who unceremoniously returned the same to me, and told me to find some one else. I went downstairs somewhat disappointed, but not discouraged, although I had been told beforehand that I need not try Wichita Falls. I addressed a few men on the street, got into conversation, and, after some failures, at last met a man who told me that he belonged to no church in town. I took possession of him, and did not let go until he had helped me to find some other men who were not exactly of the orthodox flock. The gentleman then went with me to the court-house to see the sheriff, who, however, did not like to let me have the court-room for my services. The proprietor of the Opera House asked me a higher price than I could afford, and finally I succeeded in getting the Christian church for one service. There I preached on Tuesday night. On Wednesday the friends I had made at my first meeting secured the court-house for me; and, as I entered the court-room in the evening, behold, the lights had disappeared! While the people were outside in waiting, I started back to town to get some candles, and had a good crowd, after all. Moral: Unitarian missionaries must never forget to carry candles in their pockets. But my experience on Thursday surpassed that of Wednesday. A crowd of rowdyish young men entered the room, and in the midst of my services rose *en masse*. They went out of the doors (on both sides) in two divisions, and commenced ramming doors and making other noises outside, and the termination of the whole was a stone sailing through the window-pane and dropping down behind me. Happily, I had just closed my last sentence when that occurred, and it raised little disturbance. The people of the town are not at all in sympathy with such proceedings, and many men of various denominations expressed their sorrow to me for the occurrence. Nevertheless, I met at least thirty or more people in sympathy with my work, and started a circle for religious study in Wichita Falls, of about twenty-five people."

Winchendon, Mass.—The Church of the Unity began the year by organizing two guilds, one for young ladies and gentlemen, and another for persons of fifteen years or under. The former was named in memory of the recent pastor, "The Charles H. Wheeler Guild"; the latter, "The Guild of the King's Children." Both are succeeding beyond all expectation. The pastor of the church is now giving on each Wednesday evening, popular readings similar to those mentioned in the *Unitarian* for June, 1890, as given by Rev. Dwight M. Hodge of the Second Universalist Church in New York City. These promise to be well attended. At the close of each reading the young ladies and gentlemen of the guild give a social hour, which adds to the pleasure of the evening. The society is in a very prosperous condition.

Winchester, Mass.—Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord spoke on the subject of "Guilds" before the Lend a Hand Club and members of the Winchester Unitarian society on the evening of February 7. He spoke most earnestly on this subject, in which he is so thoroughly interested, speaking of his own guild, and bringing out most clearly the point that the young people of the church should feel some responsibility in its work, and be willing to do their part, whether it be in taking the minister's service when he is away or in some charity in the town.

Although there is no guild connected with the Unitarian society at Winchester, there is a Lend a Hand Club of about forty members, which is divided into four groups, each having its special work and officers. These Tens have a union religious service the last Sunday in each month, and hold themselves ready to do any work which they may be called upon to do, either social or charitable.

Worcester, Mass.— Rev. George W. Kent, recently from the Universalist denomination, has become the minister of the new Third Church (Unitarian), but has not yet been officially installed.

JOTTINGS.

"Only one little word;
But it stirred the depths of a living heart,
And there through the years and the changes of life,
With its blessing and glory, its darkness and strife,
The *soul* of that little word shall abide,
And nevermore depart."

It is related of the English ancestor of a well-known Philadelphia Quaker family that he was quite a learned man, familiar with the dead languages, and that once he went to see one of the universities. As he was walking about there, his Quaker garb attracted the attention of three of the students, and they proposed to have some fun out of the old Quaker. They stationed themselves where he might hear them. Then one said (in Hebrew), "Here is Abraham." Another said (in Greek), "No: this is Isaac." The third said (in Latin), "No: it is Jacob." Whereupon the old man turned and said to them: "Young men, I am neither Abraham nor Isaac nor Jacob. I am Saul, the son of Kish, sent to seek my father's three asses; and, lo! I have found them."—*Christian Register.*

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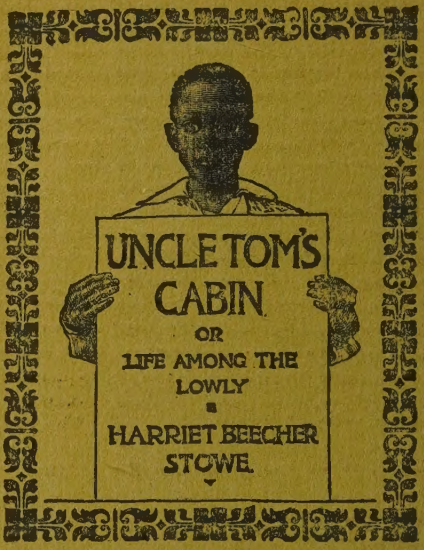

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